JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

Now Then, Asquith!

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

John Bull's Post-cards.

II.—The Income Tax.

John Bull in the City.

The Boot Boy.

Human Document.

The Cartoons.

Among the Mummers.

John Bull's Womenfolk

Noises.

Bull's Eyes.

Letter Bag.

Racing Notes, etc.

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Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is Editorial.*

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C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

NOW THEN, ASQUITH!

Mr. Asquith has now been at the National Treasury for a period of eighteen months, and on Thursday next he will expound to an expectant House of Commons, and an eager country, his second Budget. No Minister in recent times has had a more golden opportunity. We use the phrase in its literal sense. What will he do? The realised surplus on the past financial year must, of course, by law, go to the reduction of the National Debt, and although there is much to be said for some revision of this rule, no practical purpose would be served by discussing it at this particular juncture. The question is, what economies are to be effected next year, what new sources of income are to be tapped, and what sum, as the result of these combined policies, may the Chancellor reasonably anticipate having at his disposal by way of surplus over normal expenditure?

We do not propose to worry ourselves or our readers to-day with much detail. We put the fact broadly that unless Mr. Asquith can show an anticipated surplus of ten millions, he is not the man for his job. There is the Income Tax. This alone is capable of yielding a few millions more per year, whilst at the same time relieving the much-oppressed middle class of an insufferable burden. No married man should pay Income Tax on less than £200 a year, with a graduation in favour of the man with a family. Bachelors, on the other hand, should pay on £150; whilst there should be a wide differentiation between earned and unearned incomes *over a given sum.* That is to say, whilst the retired tradesman or professional man, or the widow, living upon a modest competency, should be exempt from the super-tax, the great landlord, the free-library monomaniac, the idle millionaire—all these should pay an extra tribute to the State which protects their wealth, and under whose protection it was amassed. Then there is the vast income derived from foreign investments—these should bear a special tax, at least double that upon home income. Never mind the abstract economics of the proposal—let us have it. Then there is the land, with its everlastingly increasing unearned increment; there are race-courses and racing stables, book-makers, theatre tickets, motor-cars, and Heaven knows what else, all groaning with taxable potentialities. And economies in the public service—in the Navy, the Army, and the civic departments—at least five millions there alone. Yes, ten millions is the least John Bull expects, and the only question is, what is to be done with it? We want no more tinkering with stripped tobacco and pennies off tea—whilst the existing taxes upon raisins and cocoa are not worth talking about to-day. Let the humdrum Budget have a rest for a few years, whilst we make a fresh start.

We do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Asquith will adopt our suggestion, but we make him a present of it. It is simply this: AN OLD AGE PENSION OF 5s. PER WEEK FOR EVERY LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN—WHETHER OTHERWISE "DESERVING" OR NOT—of the age of seventy years and upwards, *who cares to claim it.* That will exactly fit the case—and Mr. Asquith's name will go down to posterity as that of the great Chancellor who, out of the country's wealth, fed and clothed the aged when their powers of contributing to it were exhausted. No man could seek a higher reputation than this.

It will be seen that we are by no means indifferent to the claims of the great middle class, which are in many respects urgent and powerful. They would be the principal gainers by most of the subsidiary reforms we have mentioned—but they, too, would get their pensions.

Let the cry to-day, therefore, be—A pension for every good citizen of seventy years of age who asks for it. And next year let the age be reduced to sixty-five, and later on to sixty. They who say the thing is impossible are fools, and the Statesman who hesitates to try it is a coward. Now then, Asquith. No more time for "inquiry" or "consideration." No more "trimming"—no more platitudes. Sinking Fund? *Sinking people!* National Debt? National deterioration! They are the alternatives, all the alternatives, except one, and that is worse than the disease. Asquith or Chamberlain? Now then, Asquith!

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Poor Mr. Chamberlain! We hear sad accounts of him—and we fear the very worst. There is something too pitiable for words in the fact that, following the collapse of his fiscal campaign and the annihilation of the party he had, with such strenuous resolve, at last converted to it, the one remaining chance of reviving it—the Colonial Conference—should find him both physically and mentally a practically dead man. We sat at his side thirty odd years ago, in the early days of his municipal glory; we sat at his side twenty years ago, in the days of his radical glory; and again, ten years ago, in the glamour of his Tory zenith—and we saw him, a week ago, in his Riviera retreat! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Hearty congratulations to Lord Lister on his eightieth birthday. He has not attained the fame of, say, Mr. Harry Lauder, for he cannot sing comic songs. Hence, thousands of people remember the eminent Lauder (latest American contract, £500 a week) who have quite forgotten—even if they ever heard of—the more eminent Lister. Yet Lord Lister's is the triumph of life over death. He revolutionised surgery. He made it safe, by making it clean, and the whole world is his debtor.

Still another great Englishman has had a notable birthday. Many happy returns to Mr. Swinburne, who has achieved his three score years and ten. The man in the street knows Little Tich and Marie Lloyd rather better, perhaps, and those touching ballads, "Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow" and "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" are probably more familiar to the great British public than "Erechtheus" or the "Garden of Cymodoce." But this is no age for poets. Swinburne excepted, all the British poets are dead and buried; they have had their day and ceased to be. But every age gets what it deserves, neither more nor less. To-day we laugh at the name of poet. If there be singers, they sing in silence. The two-penny ha'-penny novelists hold the literary field, and we much doubt whether there is now a public who would recognise a poet even if he came. Shakespeare himself would hardly find a publisher, whilst Milton would certainly hawk his wares in vain. The truth is, civilisation and poetry do not go together. Railways, motor-cars, telephones, steam ploughs, and all the other triumphs of the mind practical and utilitarian, have knocked Sentiment and Romance into a cocked-hat. We don't dream and sing nowadays—we work.

Speaking of things out of date reminds us of an incident at the City Temple, when that arch old—preacher—Dr. Parker, was there. We went with him on one occasion to hear him preach. It was early in the service when, in solemn, ponderous tones, he rose and said: "My friends, this is the point at which we usually engage in prayer. But I've been reading an article in one of the reviews, written by a great scholar. And I find that prayer is nothing but a superstition—a barbaric survival; a cowardly device for relieving ourselves of responsibility and effort; a thing for children—unmanly, uncivilised, unworthy of educated and intelligent beings. In fact, prayer is for fools and cowards and weaklings, for savages and barbarians—not for men and women; not for you and me. Friends, *let us pray.*" And so we say to-day, poetry is dead—give us a poet.

We cannot congratulate the Government upon the appointment of Mr. Sydney Olivier as Governor of Jamaica. A namby-pamby gentleman of æsthetic tastes, who proclaims his recreations to be "the normal forms of loafing and dilletanteism," and who, moreover, has been secretary to the Fabian Society, is not the man to succeed Sir Alexander Swettenham. The problems in Jamaica are numerous and thorny. There are niggers to be kept in order, Yankees to be kept out, and some very touchy colonists to be kept in their place. After a great catastrophe, great firmness and judgment will be required. How are we to expect these from an avowed loafer, who has spent a great part of his life in advocating Socialistic chimeras?

Mr. Gladstone may be said to have almost anticipated public opinion in favour of the reprieve of Rayner, and we heartily congratulate him. It will pave the way for the total abolition of capital punishment, which is quite out of date in a civilised community. It is the right reserved by society to murder the murderer for the "protection" of itself. Its reformatory and deterrent merits are absolutely non-existent. It is in regard to law what war is in regard to politics—a barbaric remnant. Logically, life for life should be the final expression of a penal code, commencing with an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a limb for a limb, and progressing upwards in a long succession of refined judicial barbarities.

In France, Holland, Switzerland, Roumania, Portugal, and other countries the death penalty has been abolished, or is obsolete. Even in European countries where it is still part of the penal code, a large proportion of condemned persons receive pardon. Especially is the death penalty indefensible in a country where there is no court of criminal appeal, and where the duty of revising the death sentence—for our statutes have no "degrees" of murder—is casually thrown upon a Department of State acting voluntarily, or is forced upon it by public clamour. Indeed, the present position is that, given a sentence of death, the carrying out of the decree is more or less of a gamble, and we had better be rid of the horror altogether. In the case of Rayner, the judge went out of his way to declare that he held out not the slightest hope of reprieve, and though the jury did not recommend him to mercy, several of them actually signed a petition that mercy should be shown—an extraordinary contradiction, surely. Henceforth, it will be difficult for Mr. Gladstone, or any Home Secretary who follows him, to advise the extreme penalty except in rare cases. The time has gone by for Hanging Home Secretaries. There is now room only for humane ones. And it has been left to Mr. Gladstone to lead the way.

What is the real function of punishment? Is it to afford reparation to the injured, or to inflict a kind of legalised revenge upon the offender, or to reform him, or to deter him by memory of his punishment from repeating his offence? Or by the example of his punishment to deter others from offending? It is a big question, and is worthy of deep consideration. But how few of our judges ever give the subject a serious thought! Here is Mr. Justice Phillimore sentencing a solicitor's clerk to three years' penal servitude, and telling him, "it is a terrible punishment, but, terrible as it is, I must make it not only a punishment to you, but a deterrent to other clerks who may be tempted as you have been. . . . *I must make it a lesson.*" Now, does not Mr. Justice Phillimore see that in this way he is elevating the prisoner into an important public servant—making him the instrument, as well as the victim, of the State? Suppose this sentence has the effect which the judge hoped for it? Then no more clerks will yield to temptation. Honesty and integrity will be the order of the day—*thanks to this prisoner.* Then what will the State do for him on his release? Yes, it is a big question.

By-the-way, the changed attitude of several of the jurymen in this Rayner trial proves the necessity of every man called to serve on a jury standing by his conscientious conviction, no matter what opposition he meets from his colleagues. The opinion of eleven other men will not make his own opinion wrong. In a jury-box a man's conscience should be adamant. It is a positive danger for him to allow himself to be swayed or overawed by the views of others. He must reason the facts out for himself, and then give his vote according to his conscience. In cases where there is no alternative to a verdict of murder, a juror can almost invariably save the life, where the act seems to be one with extenuating circumstances, by standing out for a recommendation to mercy, and declining to vote for the verdict unless his recommendation is adopted. A juryman ought not to trust to anybody's interference for clemency, while he has the sovereign right to insist on its being advised himself. Let him make himself the Court of Criminal Appeal in matters of life and death, and let him take no risks. After all, there is something to be said for the Irish juryman, who, finding himself at variance with all his colleagues, declared that he had never met eleven more obstinate men in his life.

We are slowly coming round to the opinion, classic authorities notwithstanding, that there is such a thing as political gratitude. The National Teachers' Association met the other evening at Oxford, and presented Mrs. Macnamara with the leasehold of Dr. Macnamara's dwelling-place on earth, value £600. The bright and breezy young Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board deserves well of English school teachers, to whose interests in and out of Parliament he has devoted the greater part of his life. It is doubtful whether they could have chosen a more vigorous or a more able champion. Dr. Macnamara is an elongated edition of John Burns, with a quick, comprehensive grasp of intricate details, and an oratorical style which suggests the whirlwind and the storm. Also he is a humorist of sorts, and, being an Irishman, he will be glad he has to pay no rent.

The resolution in favour of the nationalisation of railways carried at the I.L.P. congress is not, we think, a proposal likely to engage the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer during the life of the present Government. Mr. Snowden, M.P., and Mr. Keir Hardie profess that the subject is "well within the sphere of practical politics," and for once we agree with them. But Mr. Asquith is not a man to be either hurried or flurried. Still, a Special Loan could be easily floated. The security would be ample, quite apart from that of the national credit. All monopolies connected with the public service should be in the hands of the State.

Wonders never cease. A clergyman in Newcastle has been trying the experiment of preaching a sermon in poetry, or, rather, let us say, in verse—which is not always the same thing. As a change from the dreary drip of prosiness, no doubt it was highly appreciated by "a large and fashionable congregation." We are unable to present our readers with samples of the metre, but probably it would run in this way, however:—

Dear brethren, let us this day seek
Our text where we are sure to find it,
Something about being good and meek,
Which I'll dilate on while you find it—

and so on, and so forth. This metre lends itself easily to a pulpit discourse, and we live in hope that it will be extensively used in other parts of the country. It may be the means of filling empty pews—or, in the alternative, of emptying others.

A new religion has been started in Balham, the church consisting of two empty houses knocked into one. The ladies and gentlemen who have become addicted to it are known as "Faithists," and the church itself is known as the Kosmon Church. It is the easiest thing in the world to start a new religion. In this case it asks the Brahmin, the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, the Christian, the Confucian, the Rosicrucian, the Freemason and the Druid "for their quota of truth." Apparently, therefore, the "Faithists" believe in everything and everybody. Of course, the new religion comes from America, and it may as well administer its large consolations in Balham as anywhere else. By-and-by it may even extend to Upper Tooting, and then it will be on the high road to universal acceptance. Meanwhile, the usual collections will be made to defray expenses.

Latest returns show that eight persons out of every thousand of the population of Ireland emigrated in 1906. Nearly thirty-six thousand left their native land —19,643 men and boys and 16,275 women and girls; in itself a tragic story. That year after year and generation after generation, Ireland should pour out its life's blood into countries overseas is a terrible reality which stands out vivid amid all the biting and clashing polemics of our time. While England and Ireland sulk, Ireland is drained of her sons and daughters, and another nation gets them, to the weakening of that Empire about which we spout and shout with so much fervour. The population of Ireland has shrunk in sixty years from eight millions to four and a half millions. If this had happened in England, in Scotland, or in Wales, Parliament would have demanded means of stopping the drain; but in Ireland it goes on, because the political parties cannot compose their miserable differences and agree upon a practical scheme of Irish reform. It is at once the shame and the tragedy of our common country. Where is it to end?

Yankees, though priding themselves on their practical qualities, seem to include more cranks than any other people. Their latest sect is called the architects, and seems to have peculiar views on marriage. A bride and bridegroom must not kiss or cuddle or hold hands or nudge knees or press waists, or indulge in any caress either during courtship or until two perfect children have been born. Exception is only made for the honeymoon, which lasts two hours, to the accompaniment of slow music. The perfection of the children is assured by studying for eight hours a day, wearing linen garments, abstaining from pepper and ice, and never shaving. Whether washing is allowed we know not. The head of the sect announces that the first child "will be able at birth to talk, walk, reason, and plan; that its faculties and powers will be fully developed; that it will be absolutely happy, healthy, brilliant, and capable, and that at the age of five years it will have the stature and brain development of an adult." We wonder whether the sect will survive a disappointment.

A well-informed correspondent writes us that people in Berlin "are much agog at the arrival of eigthy tons of theatrical scenery from His Majesty's Theatre, together with Mr. Tree and his company. They wonder if stay-at-home English people are aware of the uses to which the visit will be put by the astute gentlemen who run the German Foreign Office." Direct attacks upon the entente cordiale having failed, our correspondent is assured that by the time these lines appear, the German "reptile" press will probably have informed the four corners of the earth that "the visit of England's 'leading' actor to Berlin, and his reception by the Kaiser, is a new feature in the ardently desired friendship of Germany on the part of Great Britain." This, we are told, will "have a disquieting effect on France, and will strengthen the hands of those influential Frenchmen who are, rightly or wrongly, persuaded that their countrymen would do better to throw in their lot with their one-time

enemy on the further side of the Eastern frontier." Poor Mr. Tree! We would fain believe that he knows not what he is doing, despite his German origin. Then our correspondent thinks that the advertised attendance of our genial Lord Mayor was altogether a mistake, "because whilst we English look upon the holder of this historic office as something in the nature of a joke, abroad he is still believed to be quite the next man to the King. In fact, it is the general opinion in foreign countries that, if anything were to happen to His Majesty, and there were the least doubt about the succession, the Lord Mayor would, by general consent, at once occupy the throne until the matter were settled. Judge then the stir that will be made in French bosoms when they learn that the Lord Mayor himself has blessed the departure of Mr. Tree to Berlin." Again we say poor *Mr.* Tree, with emphasis on the "Mr."—for he will never be Sir Beerbohm if he goes on like this.

We have been shown a copy of *P.T.O* which contains a copy of an advertisement for a wife for a foreign prince. Commenting on it, P. O'T. exclaims, "The initials given are W.K., and the question now is, Who is the prince?" Poor, simple P. O'T. evidently imagines that princes are no more plentiful on the Continent than they are at home.

After describing Valescure as "a summer resort in the Valley of the Garonne," the *Daily Mail* sent a special commissioner, not to the Garonne, but to the real place, and now announces the remarkable discovery that "St. Raphaël claims to be the most sporting town on the Riviera." If St. Raphaël had ever claimed anything of the kind, it would have been promptly laughed to scorn, for it possesses no sports except what *Barnett's Weekly* calls "the most sporting golf-links on the Riviera." These links are said to have provoked more lurid language than any other links in the world.

The Congo Free State people are on the war-path. They have founded a "Federation for the Defence of Belgian Interests Abroad," which publishes books and leaflets in English, presumably to counteract recent outcries about "red rubber." They seem to have sent out that versatile journalist, Viscount Mountmorres, to report favourably on their doings. According to his lordship, philanthropy is the order of the day on the Congo, the natives "have taken very kindly" to the system of agriculture, they are carefully treated in hospitals, and are being instructed practically in the elements of hygiene; transport "has reached a high pitch of perfection," and porterage will shortly be abolished. Of course all criticisms of Belgian colonisation are entirely due to British jealousy.

Why anybody should want a revival of "Patience" it is difficult to conceive. The play was all very amusing and Gilbertian (to adopt an idiotic and meaningless word), but the chief reason for its vogue was that it took off the "æsthetic" craze of the last generation. There is no longer any fun in ridiculing a folly which died a natural death long ago. But if the play must be revived, why not revive it correctly? Bunthorne, who was intended to caricature O. Wilde, now reappears as a travesty of Whistler, who had many eccentricities, but never encouraged this particular absurdity. And if Whistler was to be portrayed, why give him an eyeglass with a cord? Whistler never used a cord. He had his pockets full of eyeglasses, and used to leave them about wherever he went. Even when he assaulted Augustus Moore at Drury Lane, he kept his stringless glass fixed in his eye. Which is saying a good word for Moore's forbearance.

We commend the French doctrine of sabotage to Mr. Keir Hardie and his colleagues. Sabotage means that, instead of going on strike, dissatisfied workmen remain at their posts and do everything as badly as they can. This will, of course, be no change for some of them (printers, for instance), who have long practised sabotage without knowing it. Still, it will induce some amusing complications if it comes into general use. Letters and telegrams are to be delivered at the wrong addresses, bread is to be baked so that it cannot be eaten, cabs are to be driven far away from their destinations, and so *ad infinitum*. In fact, life will become one huge practical joke. A correspondent wittily observes that "only the telephone girls are disconsolate, knowing that they cannot inconvenience or exasperate the public more than at present."

Lord Cromer's proposals for an Egyptian parliament must involve the abolition of the capitulations. It is absurd that Frenchmen and other foreigners should have their own courts in a country which is now practically a British dependency. And grave abuses occur when naturalisation is conferred by civilised states upon natives, Levantines, and adventurers. The same applies to Turkey, where the administration of justice is seriously impeded by the abuse of the capitulations. If ever we have a Turcophil Government, or even a Turcophil Ambassador, this injustice to the Turks will assuredly be remedied.

It is strange that so many people should view the Montagnini revelations with equanimity. In receiving an Ambassador from the Vatican, France acknowledged the Pope as a Sovereign. When she broke off Papal relations with the Papal See, she had therefore no right to seize the Ambassador's papers. Such an act was a violation of the recognised law of nations, and seems like a reversion to the practice of barbarous times. And to publish letters, thus illegally confiscated, in order to discredit and ridicule high ecclesiastical personages, is an outrageous piece of bad form.

The recent discovery of a steel ball in an egg recalls the story of the two men who were discussing the fate of the horse in view of the advent of the motor-car. "There is no use to which the horse is at present put which will not soon be fulfilled by the motor," said one. "What about cat's meat"? came the reply, to which came the rejoinder, "Well, I had a sausage roll at the railway station the other day, and found it contained a piece of tyre."

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 242.

For describing how he once witnessed a woman who was being rescued from a wreck by a rope ladder drop her baby, which was caught uninjured, by a "watchful sailor a couple of hundred feet below,"

THE WRITER OF THE *DAILY NEWS* "LONDON LETTER" TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 243.

For informing its readers that the Shah on some occasions "wears a belt studded with diamonds weighing eighteen pounds,"

THE *DAILY NEWS* TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 244.

For accepting her father's challenge to wrestle, throwing him in three minutes, breaking one of his legs and splitting his knee-cap,

MISS IONA INNES (aged 19) TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 245.

For stating during a recent trial that he could not tell the exact nature of the plaintiff's injuries without a post-mortem *examination,*

DR. OLDFIELD (of Bromley), TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Right Hon. Baron Loreburn, Lord High Chancellor, of England, Scotland, and Wales.

My Dear Bob,—I read that the bar in the Royal Courts of Justice is to be abolished; in fact, two bars. As you know, they have been there for years, and junior barristers, clerks, journalists, solicitors, litigants, and others found them useful. Some liked the beer and others trusted the sandwiches, while many lingered over stout and oysters. So far as I know, the bars have never done any harm, and you ought to know that a person may engage in the various tragic entertainments of the law and still be hungered and athirst. Legal arguments being very dry, it seems only fair that those who conduct them, and those who suffer by them, should be able to get a drink.

It is suggested you are responsible for the abolition. This rather surprises me, for I believe you are not addicted to the absolutely teetotal. Before you became Lord Chancellor, did not I frequently see you in the National Liberal Club, smoking a tremendous cigar and firing your ambitious thoughts with a wee drappie o' the Scotch? True, the bars may have somewhat spoiled the architecture, and the spectacle of a losing litigant drowning his sorrows within the sacred halls of justice was seldom beautiful and often sad. Yet, I am sure they will be greatly missed. However, you are Lord Chancellor now, and if you say that nobody is to eat or drink visibly within the precincts, I suppose there is no appeal. I hope you are enjoying yourself in your new situation. Certainly, you look no worse for the salary. Don't get too respectable. JOHN BULL.

Sir William Treloar, Lord Mayor.

My Dear Lord Maire,—Half a league—Sunday League—half a league onward!

What a good sort you are! Whatever turned your thoughts to such a good cause as the cripples? Was it the Kiddi—minsters? But no matter, you are on the Ludgate Hill of success.

By the way, is there any truth in the rumour that you are going to move the Mansion House into Cripplegate Ward? You are a carpet Knight, and yet a good fighter for the children. May you get a good pile.

JOHN BULL.

To J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.

Dear Ramsay,—So great is my regard for you, so deep my sympathy with those whose wrongs you desire to redress, that I wish I could persuade you to be a little more moderate. If you scream quite so loudly, you are bound to frighten all such as sit upon the fence, and you are to remember that they are the backbone of the country, the controllers of that pendulum whose swing all governments fear. If you are ever to make any real impression upon the people as a whole, it must be by peaceful persuasion and logical arguments. Unfortunately, however, you are rarely peaceful or logical. The other day you told us that "capital had robbed the workers of material, spiritual, and economic strength." But surely money, tools, and all the other various forms of capital have done just the reverse. Without capital the workers would be helpless. They could only scratch the surface of the soil with their fingers, and would soon starve. Perhaps, however, you were only thinking of capital in the hands of capitalists, and your remedy would be to take it away. But surely you must know that if you divided up capital to-morrow, fresh capitalists would arise next week. My dear sir, do talk sense, if indeed you must talk at all.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Wagstaff, Manor Park, Potton, Bedfordshire.

Madame,—Congratulations on the result of the law action. An estate of £180,000 for life is worth winning. By all means go and enjoy yourself. Life is short, but with care the money should last for a long time.

From the first I never thought the "eldest son of Cousin John" had a leg to stand on. On the facts, he really hadn't a ghost of a chance. It was hard to see what there was to fight about—bar a quibble, and a long bill of costs. Lawyers like this kind of case. In other days it might have lasted long enough to become a heirloom in the family. Happily, quibbling is more quickly disposed of in Chancery than it used to be. When the facts were proved, it was as obvious as an old Stilton that you were Wagstaff's "dear wife," though you weren't, and that you were consequently his widow likewise, and also notwithstanding. He was really foolish not to own up; he might have guessed there would be trouble.

By-the-way, you know you must not get married—at least, not without some private arrangement with the eldest son of Wagstaff's cousin John, in which case he may perhaps be inclined to let you. For half the estate now, on the nail, I would certainly let you myself if I were he. JOHN BULL.

To the Manager, Metropolitan and District Railway, London.

When Yerkes was extant on earth he used to say that the Londoner was the most difficult person to get a move on he had ever known. He seems to have inoculated you with that idea also, for at all the stations one cannot move without being confronted with the notice, "Passengers are requested to enter and leave the trains quickly."

Now, look here, my boy. This country is not America, and I thank Providence for it. When the Englishman was born he was not filled with greased lightning, and you need not think you are going to push him in and out of your rolling-stock as if he were a bag of bran or a bundle of somebody else's washing. As it is, he hustles a great deal more than is good for his health; and if he rushes in and out of your trains much more quickly than he does at present he will probably either break his neck or suddenly die of apoplexy. He will catch them as soon as he wants to, and leave them when he has finished with the straps. Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and—don't worry.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Jane May, Duke of York's Theatre, London.

Dear Jane,—Just read in the newspapers that you are about to marry Mr. David Sassoon, a gentleman of great wealth, and I congratulate you accordingly. "It is just a love match, and a great big love match at that," of course, just like sister Edna's. Love is a great thing. As one of the great philosophers has said, it tickles the heart where you cannot scratch it. But tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?—any more, I mean, awaiting offers? If so I think they may as well marry for money; it is as useful a thing to marry for as any, when you can get it. Remember me to mother, and all inquiring friends.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—I notice you are *not* going to marry Mr. Sassoon; you say so yourself, and you should know. Cannot you find a lord, or something? He would probably do just as well.—J. B.

To P.C. Huggett, 419 L, Police Station, Lambeth.

I will recommend you for promotion, Huggett. Your rescue of the widow Hutton in that midnight fire at Lambeth was a plucky act. A policeman who rushes into a burning building in the way you did, in the almost hopeless but successful task of saving human life, deserves being made a sergeant at least. According to the Psalmist, promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But I beg you not to despair; everything comes to him who is worth it—even a rise in wages. Good luck.

JOHN BULL.

THE INCOME-TAX:

II.—The Grand Inquisitors of Income-tax and How to Deal with Them.

By T. Hallett Fry, Barrister-at-Law.

Now here is an unsatisfactory state of affairs. Members of the public go before a court, which is, in the main, directed by the experience and knowledge of the very man from whose decision they are dissenting. Of course, the taxpayer may, if he so desire, instruct his solicitor to represent him at an appeal or may be represented by counsel, or by a recognised accountant. This representation, however, is a thing of recent date, and it was only in 1903 that express provision was made for the representation of clients by their professional accountants. Despite the fact that such representation is allowed, some commissioners show no inclination whatever to hear any but the appellant himself, and I have myself attended appeals and been unable to make my voice heard until practically the whole appeal was decided, owing to this offensive practice of desiring the representation of his business affairs by the appellant himself, ignoring the fact that, although he may be an expert manufacturer, he may be totally ignorant of accountancy and of law, and entirely unable to place his own affairs in such a reasonable and clear light before the bench that they may be able to gauge the extent of his liability. The clergy, local doctors, and other professional men in some districts dominate the Board, and often show a lamentable ignorance, not only of law and accountancy, but also of the A.B.C. of business. They may, in fact, not know how to get any manner of information out of a properly drawn account, they may not know the difference between one side and the other, but yet they are considered competent if they have a certain pecuniary qualification, to decide cases of the greatest importance. Now this would not be so unsatisfactory if from their decision there were appeal, but the contrary is the case, and wherever a question of fact is decided, the question is decided irrevocably, and only where there is a case of pure law in question can an appeal be taken to the High Court. A vast majority of cases are questions of fact, *e.g.*, a man's profit is settled *once and for all* in a certain sum, and upon this sum tax will be in due course demanded. But if there is a dispute as to what is or is not a point of law, every possible obstacle is placed in the way of appellants who demand a case to be stated. Clerks parley with appellants, and write non-committal letters about the objection taken to hearing cases in the High Court which are not points of pure law, and delay until a case is thoroughly stale, whilst the commissioners, upon their part, eventually refusing, can only be compelled to send up the case after a mandamus has been obtained, with attendant expense and annoyance, which decides all but the most determined litigants to drop the matter in despair.

APPEALS.

Now as to the conduct of appeals and the procedure immediately preceding a few words are necessary.

When a notice of charge is served upon a taxpayer, he should, in accordance with the instructions, express his dissatisfaction to the Surveyor of Taxes within a period of fourteen days thereafter. If he does this he will be entitled to appear at a subsequent appeal meeting, and, armed with accounts, if it is a question of account; or prepared by himself, by his solicitor, or by counsel, to dispute any question of law if such there be. There is generally not much difficulty in getting an adjournment if due application be made to the Surveyor of Taxes, and such adjournment is often very necessary where the preparation of accounts for the purposes of the appeal is required. On the day appointed the assessed, with his representatives (if any), will appear before the commissioners, and lucky will he be if he do not find that the commissioners and (or) clerk are already fairly well versed in his affairs, and in the particular nature of the present appeal. This, however, may not be a great disadvantage, although it is frequently found that the Surveyor of Taxes has chatted the whole case over with the clerk to the commissioners, and between them they have fairly well settled what is to happen to the case before the same is called up. This is, of course, highly unsatisfactory, as the hearing should begin when the assessed is in the room, and should end when he leaves it. But the worst part of the whole business is to come. When the assessed has stated his case, and the officer of the Inland Revenue has concluded his objections to the appellant's conclusions, the latter is peremptorily ordered from the room, whilst the surveyor and the commissioners, with their clerk, hobnob together, and decide at what figure the assessment shall be isued. Now the Surveyor of Taxes is quite entitled to remain throughout the hearing, in accordance with the Act (Taxes Management Act, 1880, S. 57, S.S. 7); but as a result thereof the appellant is seriously damaged, and to no one, can I imagine, could such a state of affairs appear anything but wholly unsatisfactory and dangerous. To instance the highly objectionable practice, one or two personal examples may be given.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF PROCEDURE.

At a hearing before commissioners, who had assessed a firm in the name of one of its partners only, proof was given by the representative of the appellant of the existence of a partnership, and such existence was shown, *inter alia*, in the following way:—

> By proving that the two partners had for a long series of years divided the profits.
>
> That they had traded as Blank Brothers.
>
> That both of them held themselves out to be partners, and were universally acknowledged to be so by clients and by all with whom they had any business relations.
>
> That both of them signed cheques on the banking account of the firm, and had always been regarded by the bank manager, as by everyone else with whom they came in contact, as partners, and each of them entitled to sign on cheques the firm's name.

The chairman of the commissioners turned to the Surveyor of Taxes, and said: "Oh! I presume this was just a slip in the notice of charge," and apparently the question of a partnership was undisputed by the surveyor, as he assented with a nod. In accordance with the statute, the appellant was then dismissed the room, whilst the commissioners, the commissioners' clerk, and the surveyor remained therein for a further period of one hour to consider a verdict, and apparently to have an *entire re-hearing* in the absence of the person principally affected. The taxpayer at the end of this time was called before the commissioners, and informed that it had been decided by the commissioners that no partnership existed, and this despite all the information which had been given upon this head. The result was that the two partners failed to obtain a sum nearly reaching three figures. From the decision of the commissioners the partners immediately dissented, and demanded a case to be stated, but beyond contending from

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STAMMERING permanently CURED by personal tuition only; pupils taken in residence.—Interview on written application to Mr. A. C. SCHNELLE, 119, Bedford Court Mansions, London, W.C.

time to time during a long period that there was no point upon which a case could be stated, as the question whether or no a partnership existed was one of fact, the clerk did nothing until the appellants had been worn down by annoyance at the delay and the wastage of time involved. The commissioners followed up their remarkable decision by actually refusing to hear the appellant in the subsequent year, when he desired to argue the same question in answer to a subsequent assessment.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

Another case to exemplify income-tax proceedings before general commissioners:—The writer hereof represented a taxpayer, whose interests were very large and the amount at stake correspondingly so. He requested that after the hearing the commissioners should consider alone, and that the surveyor should be (as were appellant, counsel, solicitor, and accountant) relegated to another room. The surveyor stood upon his rights, and quoted the statute referred to above, giving him the right to remain during the whole of the hearing, and up to the decision of the commissioners, and counsel then claimed that the appellant also should remain, as no power of excluding him was given by the Income-tax Acts. After a further request by the commissioners addressed to the surveyor, and the surveyor's further refusal to betake himself even to a distant part of the court where he could not overhear their discussion, the latter actually turned to counsel and stated that he would not argue anything with the commissioners *except with reference to points already raised by him at the hearing—in fact, that he would raise no new points at all.* Let us assume that he did not do so, and that he kept loyally to his original points. Is it not supremely important to have the last word? And is it not highly advantageous to the Revenue Department that their official should be always at the beck and call of the commissioners to give them additional or reiterated information, explain away their doubts, and put a little more force into his previous arguments, which now are irrefutable owing to the appellants' relegation to another room. It appears to the writer that *this state of affairs is almost intolerable*, and that the proper amount of support is not given to the comparatively weak individual contesting a point with the abnormally strong central department. If favouritism be shown, it should be to the weak and not to the strong, and if the clause of the Act be not repealed giving the power to the surveyor to remain up to the time of the commissioners' decision, then the commissioners should permit also the assessed to remain in the room, and it would not be disadvantageous were the taxpayer and the surveyor to fraternise in a distant corner, and prepare the way for future amity replacing the present strife. In addition, no danger would then be done to the interests of the member of the public who sought satisfaction at the hands of the court.

GOING BEHIND ACCOUNTS.

Of other strange decisions of commissioners I would instance the refusal of some bodies to go behind printed accounts, despite the fact that errors have been made and acknowledged by directors, secretary, and auditors. In one such case, with the conduct of which the writer was concerned, the discrepancy was enormous, owing possibly to the fact that it was to the interest of some person to make the accounts show a larger profit than was actually made by the company. But notwithstanding the free admission by all concerned of the way in which it would appear they had been hoodwinked, the commissioners still stuck to their guns, and decided that a printed balance-sheet, signed by the auditor and by the company's officials, was the last word which could be said upon the matter, although the smallest amount of business acumen would have shown them (and probably did show them) that the accounts were hopelessly incorrect and misleading, and that gross injustice had been done to the company, inasmuch as an enormous profit had been charged to income-tax which had never been made.

Income-tax questions are, as a rule, matters of pure accountancy, and, as such, require the attention of persons skilled in accountancy if a correct decision is to be made by the commissioners. In other cases the point is one of pure law, and, as such, require the consideration of a lawyer or lawyers to properly determine the rights of the appellant. Now these are two kinds of knowledge which tell in a body of commissioners, and if upon each Board sat accountants of large experience, and also skilled legal practitioners, to such a Board there could be no great objection, and an appellant should find the body constituted in such a way as to preserve intact his best interests, although the "local" trouble would still exist.

OBJECTIONS SUMMARISED.

To sum up. The objections to the Court of General Commissioners are as follows:—

1. They are residents in the locality within which the assessed resides.
2. They may be competing professional men, or traders, and, as such, not an ideal court for taxpayers.
3. They may be totally ignorant of tax law.
4. They may be totally ignorant of accountancy.
5. As being (3) and (4) they must be in the main dominated by either their clerk or the Surveyor of Taxes, or both.
6. If by the latter then the counsel for the Crown is to some extent the mouthpiece of the commissioners, and justice can hardly be expected by the taxpayer.
7. After the litigants have been heard, the surveyor remains with, whilst the appellant leaves, the commissioners.
8. There is no appeal from the decisions given, except when a point of law is involved.

THE REMEDY.

Now the remedy for this state of things already exists if taxpayers feel inclined to avail themselves of it. It is the appeal to the special commissioners in lieu of that afforded to the general commissioners. Now the special commissioners are not lacking in knowledge, and are not local residents. Moreover, their interests cannot be antagonistic to those of the taxpayer. There is, however, one disadvantage which outweighs with many taxpayers all the advantages above set forth, and this is that the special commissioners have their headquarters at Somerset House, and although they are not, in the proper acceptation of the words, revenue officials, they are nevertheless in such close touch with the head office of the Department that taxpayers, perhaps not unnaturally, feel a certain amount of distrust and a certain disinclination to submit their disputes to them. However, it is pretty well known that the commissioners decide their cases in a manner which reflects a good deal of credit upon themselves, but this taxpayers are loth to admit, owing to the constitution, or, more correctly, the address, of the body. If this prejudice is irremovable (and it is to be feared that it is so), it is necessary to look elsewhere for a body which could supplant the general commissioners, and afford in all senses of the word a satisfactory appeal court.

(*To be continued.*)

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IN THE CITY.

COLOMBIAN NATIONAL.

The Solution of a Mystery.

After the Guayaquil and Quito experience in Ecuador investors are fighting shy of new railroads in the smaller States of South America—whether their bonds have or have not a Government guarantee, a possession often more imposing than tangible in that part of the world. The Colombian National is a company of this character, and it has lately been surrounding itself with a good deal of mystery. Like the Guayaquil, it is in process of construction, and is always "about to be completed," a happy climax that, as with the Guayaquil, appears to be prevented from time to time by sundry misunderstandings with the powers that be. A portion of the line has, however, been in operation for some time, and traffics of a tolerably satisfactory order were regularly published until September last, when the record suddenly ceased. Since then the October figures have been semi-officially made known, but beyond that no news is obtainable from the company's offices.

We have been at some pains to lift the veil, and we are at last in the position to say that the railway is still in existence. Moreover, it is still in operation. A premature arrangement, however, seems to have been made with the authorities by the local management with regard to freights which the London directors were compelled to repudiate. The interval has been occupied in "negotiation"—a leisurely process in Latin-American countries. The company appears, however, to have at last touched the heart of the Government, with a result which will be made public within a few weeks, when the annual meeting will be held. It would be injudicious to say all that we know, but we may state—even if we run the risk of temporary official contradiction—that an issue of £400,000 debentures is to be made, which will rank after the firsts and seconds quoted in the market, and which will have a guarantee from the Government. The contractors at present hold all the share capital, but under the new arrangement they will hand over one-third to the Government. Last, but not least, the line is to be definitely completed this year!

SOME MORE OF THEM?

Our attention has been directed to persons trading as J. McDonald and Co., of 24, Finsbury Square, E.C., who describe themselves as export merchants, "silk and woollen factors." Who J. McDonald and Co. are is a little doubtful, but there is a man who calls himself John Vincent, and another whose name is supposed to be Rothenstein, who are connected with the company. Their business would seem to be to get goods from any firm who will send them, to dispose of them, and to omit to pay for them. One trader in Bradford tells us that he sent at their request a number of hockey sticks, though one would hardly suppose that "silk and woollen factors" would deal in hockey sticks. Possibly the convenient designation of "export merchants" might serve to explain the order. A Bradford correspondent says that, failing to get payment through the post, he sent someone to 24, Finsbury Square, for the purpose of collecting the debt, but there was no-one there representing the company, except an old man, apparently a Jew, who professed to know nothing about the concern. The company have an office in the basement, which appears to be filled with empty wooden cases, and other persons in the building, who are evidently suspicious of J. McDonald and Co., told the collector that the goods received are simply shifted away as soon as received in a van without any name upon it. Another correspondent, from Huddersfield, complains that he has supplied J. McDonald and Co. with goods at their request, and he too is unable to get payment. We suggest that the police should have their eye upon these people. We have some reason to think that they had something to do with Symons' London Stores of evil fame. Be that as it may, our readers will take note that J. McDonald and Co. are not persons to have dealings with except upon the cash before delivery system.

LIPTONS.

We hear that the Lipton directorate have secured the services of a leading member of the staff of Pearks, Ltd., an excellent thing for Lipton's, whatever it may be for Pearks. It looks as if the Lipton management is being tightened up. Liptons should have done well in the tea department, and this may show in the accounts due in May, and notwithstanding the reduced interim dividend of last October.

By the way, when will some of the company's plantations in Ceylon be floated off as a rubber-growing subsidiary? The matter has been on the tapis for some time past, and it seems desirable that it should be dealt with without any unnecessary delay. There is no doubt whatever that for years to come rubber plantations will be very profitable concerns, but then it takes several years between the planting of the rubber and the time when the tree begins to yield. The development in the last few years made in the planting of rubber in Malaya, Ceylon, Southern India, and British North Borneo can only be compared with the rapid expansion of the tea industry in India and Ceylon. In the very interesting summary of the rubber position just published by Messrs. Gow, Wilson, and Stanton, it is said that "the cultivation of plantation rubber seems destined to revolutionise the rubber-growing industry, and to entirely change the area of production; indeed, it seems more than probable that in time the whole rubber production will take place within the British Empire." Having regard to the quantity that now comes from South America and elsewhere, that seems a bold prediction, but then if a similar prediction had been made as to tea 30 years ago, or even 20, it would have been thought equally improbable. And yet to-day India and Ceylon supply the bulk of the tea used in Europe. If the Lipton plantations in Ceylon are suitable, or some of them, for rubber cultivation, as we understand they are, a very large revenue indeed might be made to accrue to the company in the course of the next 10 years from rubber, and we hope soon to learn that a subsidiary company has been formed to exploit the estates in this direction.

G. BEER, LTD.

The shareholders of this concern are not likely to derive much consolation from a study of the report and accounts recently issued. It may be remembered that the company was registered in 1903 with a capital of £480,000, equally divided into ordinary and 7 per cent. preference shares. The ordinary dividend for 1904 was 6 per cent.; for 1905, 3 per cent.; and for 1906 nothing. The assets, apart from the investments held by trustees for the preference shares guarantee and for the redemption of leasehold, are made up of stock taken at cost price, amounting to £24,345, sundry debts put at £93,712, and goodwill, leases, fixtures, and 30 on, put at £390,202, goodwill representing most of it, and being of a real value of less than as many shillings.

We observe that the "original agreement with Mr. Beer to act as managing director has expired, but he has continued to act, and is willing to enter into a new agreement for a further extension of three years, which agreement is being proceeded with." It is to be hoped, for the sake of the unhappy shareholders, that this agreement is not on the lines of the original one. Here are two items in the profit and loss account for the twelve months under review:—

Salaries and commission of two managing directors, £7,381 4s. 7d.
Directors', trustees', and auditors' fees, £2,181 5s.

If any of our readers are unfortunate enough to be shareholders in this company we advise them to sell, if sell they can, for what they can get.

WEST AFRICAN MINES.

Much more gold has been got out of West Africa by European enterprise during the last two years than most people suppose, the common idea being that though promoters have lined their pockets they have done so in selling land with no gold in it worth extraction. And yet, as the West African Chamber of Mines show in their report just issued, between 1880 and 1906 gold to the value of, in round figures, £3,800,000 has been secured. The value obtained in the last four years was:—

1903	...	£254,790	1905	...	£657,330
1904	...	£345,608	1906	...	£877,568

The trouble has been that until very lately the companies have been worked without cohesion, but the formation of

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OLD AGE PENSIONS.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

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the West African Chamber of Mines may do something to improve the position in this respect.

ANGLO-SPANISH COPPER.

Mr. Crowther's Anglo-Spanish Company promotion was not a very brilliant success, the underwriters being compelled to take up some 55 per cent. of their obligations. A pool, however, is being arranged, so we may hear more of the shares anon. In the meantime the statutory report is interesting. The shares are now 10s. paid, and the company has received £45,302—£5,500 in "purchase of properties," and the rest in expenses—£12,000 underwriting commission, £7,500 "preliminary expenses," £302 in brokerage. There is still £2,697 stamp duties and legal charges to be refunded to someone or other. This seems to be a pretty expensive way of paying £5,500!

Mines in the Barberton district of the Transvaal have proved egregious failures, even if we admit the Sheba as a doubtful exception. The Barnatos are working there again, however, and have acquired the old Consort and Alpine properties.

Buying of Peruvian Corporation issues comes from Holland—and the Dutch are keen speculators, who only gamble on certainties. We believe that a scheme has already been provisionally fixed up with the Government.

Bewick Moreings are dead out of luck. Have they too many irons in the fire? The course of Zincs, Loddon Valleys, Lancefields, and Great Fingalls seems to suggest that more concentrated management is desirable.

Sir West Ridgeway's prophecy with regard to the Ceylon Pearl Fisheries has not been realised. The second season's work, judging from official figures, seems likely to yield about half as much profit as was disclosed a year ago.

AMERICAN MUNICIPAL BONDS.

American investors are looking a little askant at municipal bonds just now. Philadelphia has been unable to dispose of 5,000,000dols. 3½ per cent. thirty-year bonds. St. Louis offered 3,000,000dols. at a slightly better figure, 3.65 per cent., but could not get them taken up. New York 4 per cent. bonds have dropped below par.

NEW ISSUES.

The Fruit Juice Company, Ltd., has been formed with a capital of £71,750, divided into 70,000 ordinary shares of £1 each and 35,000 deferred shares of 1s. each; the ordinary shares being entitled to a cumulative dividend of 8 per cent. per annum, and after payment of this dividend the profits available for dividend in each year will be divided into equal moieties between the ordinary shares and the deferred shares. The Company takes over Professor Kuhn's process for the conservation and sterilisation of unfermented fruit juices, and Schweppes, Ltd., have been made the sole agents of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Colonies for the product. The Company pays for the licence to work the process £46,225, which seems excessive, to say the least of it. It will be noted that there are 35,000 deferred shares—a very objectionable feature of the venture. It is not an enterprise we can recommend our readers to invest in.

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Safe Investment.—W. J. (Cheltenham).—There is no earthly difficulty in your putting your surplus money into safe securities if you are content with 4 per cent. As to the Bonds you speak of, they are safe enough, but if you want to buy them do not buy from the people you name but from, say, the Credit Lyonnais of Cockspur Street, who would get them for you at the market price. But we should recommend your making other selections, and now is an especially favourable time for buying sound securities, seeing that, almost without exception, they are comparatively cheap, and almost certain to improve before long.

British American Association, Limited.—R. J. (Redhill).—Have nothing to do with these people, and do not be influenced by any statements made in the magazine published by them.

W. Hill and Son, Limited.—Constant Reader (Essex).—It was and is a good business, but much over-capitalised. You will have seen the statements made at the general meeting the other day. There has been a stiffening of the management, and we think you should hold your shares.

British Equitable Bond and Mortgage Company.—B. S. (Southport).—We thank you for your letter, and note especially what you say about the Corporation issuing a bond for a longer period. The matter is having our attention.

Safe Deposit.—S. W. (Ramsbottom).—Our advice to you is to keep your £10 in the Government Savings Bank.

Consolidated Securities Company.—H. J. B. (Loughton).—We advise you not to make any purchases of the kind suggested.

Standing of Insurance Company.—M. P. (Manchester).—We should prefer another office. We return your policy.

Northern Assurance Company.—H. W. (Tottenham).—This Company is of high standing.

Salt Union, Limited.—Anti Saline (Birmingham).—We will do so as soon as possible. What is your particular grievance?

British Transvaal Mines, Limited.—E. W. (Liverpool).—(1) We fear not. (2) The explanation of the drop in Loddon Deep Leads is the delay in getting results. We should not sell. The shares are, of course, speculative, but we shall be surprised if in the end they do not turn out all right.

Thiele and Co.—Austria-Hungary (S. Tottenham).—Have nothing to do with these lottery people.

Sale of Life Insurance Policy.—V. D. K. (Whitstable).—If you will send us particulars of the policy, payments, and so on, and what you will take for it, we will mention the matter, and perhaps some reader may make you an offer larger than you would get from the office itself.

Cunliffe, Russell and Co.—E. H. (Ruyton XI. Towns).—The Congo Bonds are genuine enough, but if you bought them from Cunliffe, Russell and Co. you would pay about 30 per cent. more than the market price.

Motor 'Bus Shares.—C. J. M. (Westminster).—These shares are of necessity very speculative, and our advice to you is to hold.

International Securities Syndicate.—Leopold (Homerton).—You should have no difficulty in doing so at a price. A. W. M. (Manchester.)—You must be a new reader or you could be in no doubt as to our advising you not to have anything to do with these people. Issyn (West Kensington Park).—The Bond is genuine enough, but you have paid for it about 30 per cent. more than the market rate. Diamond (Homerton).—You had better pay the balance and get the Bonds. These particular Bonds are genuine, but you will have paid very much more for them than the market price. M. W. (Chertsey).—You are quite right. Our warning is rather against these people than the municipal bonds which, among other things, they recommend, and sell, at exorbitant prices.

Investing £5.—W. C. (Cricklewood).—We are obliged to you. We have not seen the article, but will look it up.

International Share Exchange.—Lamo.—Have nothing to do with these people and their "quick dealing" in American Rails.

West Rand Consolidated Mines, Limited.—E. M. C. (Stroud Green).—We quite agree. We shall deal with the matter by-and-by.

Century Insurance Company.—G. H. (Tuksford).—We think you may do so with every confidence, and that you have made a good selection. A. E. J. (Blatford).—You would be quite safe. They would treat you well.

Mother Seigels.—E. C. (Liskeard).—We agree.

The South Luton Gas Light and Coke Co.—W. H. B. (Rotherham).—We regret we have no information respecting this new undertaking.

Various Shares.—A. M. (Birmingham).—Hold the Grand Trunk Ordinary, also the Portland Cement, for the present. We see little likelihood of improvement in the other securities you name.

British Electric Institute.—E. O. (M-C.).—Let us have any facts in your possession.

Natal Coal Co.—W. F. (Port Elizabeth).—There are no dealings in the shares of the company on the London market.

Lloyd's as Insurers.—Seguro (Bootle).—Do you refer to the pamphlet issued by the Enfield schoolmaster who found the arbitration clause in the ordinary company's prospectus so oppressive when a heavy loss occurred? A fire insurance at Lloyd's is quite safe, though—except in respect of marine risks—no guarantee is, as a rule, lodged, though certain of the underwriters, in order to influence business, have deposited security. The amounts underwritten are generally small, the average risk being of from £100 to £150. This, of course, accounts for the number and class of signatures to the policies. The procedure is for the broker wishing to obtain underwriters to share a risk to put down the details on a slip of paper and obtain their initials below, with a statement of the amount they are willing to bear, and the rate of premium. From these slips the policies are made out, and the respective signatures are attached by authorised clerks, who satisfy themselves by an inspection of the slip that the matter is in order. The amount of fire insurances effected at Lloyd's is very large, underwriters being less likely to quibble in the event of a loss, and also being able to quote lower rates. Then they spend no money in advertising, and have, of course, comparatively small office expenses, with no directors' fees. They are also free from the tariff restrictions which so bind the leading fire offices.

The Land Company.—N. S. (Surbiton).—We believe them to be perfectly respectable and substantial.

Marginal Investments.—D. McG. (Sidcup).—We do not recommend this kind of speculation.

Homesteads, Limited.—W. C. (Hampstead).—Not very long. It is sound and well managed.

Three Shares.—J. N. (Chingford).—They are all very speculative, but the first is doing well.

Provident Association of London.—C. A. K. holds a Bond of this Association for £25, upon which he has paid in about £21, and would accept £12 for it. If any reader would like to do a deal we will put him in communication with C. A. K.

Halford and Co.—R. E. K. (Cahir).—We can only repeat what we have said before that Messrs. Halford and Co. have been doing business for over a quarter of a century, and that we know of no case in which a customer has had legitimate ground of complaint.

House Investment Company.—H. A. P. (Edgware Road).—The Company is respectably and energetically managed, but it is a little hampered by its limited capital.

The Alliance Credit Bank of London, Limited.—Novice (London).—If you send us your name and address we will answer your question. We do not reply to anonymous communications.

Low Priced Shares.—D. D. (Regent Street.)—Better have nothing to do with the people whose pamphlet you send us.

Cooper, Box and Co., Limited.—G. E. L. (Bedford).—Send us the papers and we will consider them.

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2½ per cent. on Daily Current Account Balances.
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And at Brighton, Birmingham, Croydon & Norwich.

THE BOOT BOY.

By M. M. M.

We had sipped our liqueurs and smoked in happy camaraderie of feeling, listening to the bursts of Hungarian music as it floated our way occasionally, in the saloon at the Troc, when the Doctor introduced the first dissonant note.

"See the result of the Wilkes case at Birmingham?" he said, turning to me.

"Bother!" I mentally ejaculated, and reluctantly withdrew my eyes from where Paquin and Worth lived and moved and had their being, as exemplified by their customers. "Wilkes? What Wilkes?"

"New betting case," snapped the Doc.

"Oh, 'um, yes. Failed, didn't it?"

"Course it did. An Act was never framed yet that could stand a practical test, simply because of loose wording. Now, I——" He rambled on at great length—he picked holes in the Gaming Act—scoffed at the Education Act—pooh-poohed the Criminal Amendment Act—that is, he admitted their need, but pointed out how easily it was to drive a coach and four through any of them, whilst I puffed away and wondered how the lady at the next table could bear the eternal jangle of her sequins.

"There's the Seats Act." He waved his cigar. "It says seats must be provided, but it doesn't say they must be used, and I can off-hand give you a dozen large establishments who have provided the seats and dismiss any of the girls who use 'em. Then the Shop Hours Act. I fear it does not benefit the youngsters it is intended for—some kids *curse* it, and I know——" What he knew I never heard. Jacky Harris, of the "Pharos," was signalling from the doorway. I went over. "Come on! Both of you. Got tickets—new turn, and just coming on, at the Empire—wonderful—a revelation in the pose artistique!"

* * * * *

Awakening from my dreamland to my usual lotus life, I got up, regardless of time, and, putting on an overcoat and muffler, I bravely ventured out into my garden, where patches of snow still lingered, and a biting wind swept across the heath straight into my face. Half-way down the garden I turned—it was *too* cold—and in turning saw in a corner dedicated to the cook a boy cleaning boots—*my* boots. It was the first time in my life it struck me that, of course, someone cleaned them. His cheeks were distorted; he was evidently trying to bolt something, and I, jumping to conclusions, mentally decided he was trying to do good (to himself) by stealth. A piece of string went round his waist and held up a pair of "ancestral" trousers, his boots were eminently adapted for open-air treatment of the feet; he looked as if fed on the "Times" system, but his eyes were large and bright—a steely brightness one sees in a starving man or a starving dog. He lowered his head, and the little arm, red as a piece of raw meat, went faster and faster. I felt benevolent. "Good morning, boy; don't you feel cold?"

Before he could answer, the cook bustled out, masterful, perspiring, and doing wonderful feats with a frying-pan—she was preparing *my* breakfast.

"He ain't got time to get cold, sir," she said, apologetically, "poor mite. Make haste with them boots; you've got your breakfast to get yet." Bang goes something on to the stove—she appears again with a long toasting-fork. Jerking her head in the direction of the boy, she goes on: "Bin here ev'ry mornin' at sevin for nigh on two years, and the bit he gets here is about all he ever gets." She vanished into the interior.

"Where do you live?" I questioned the boy.

"Dahn the Crescent, sir," he replied, picking up another boot.

"And how old are you?"—this with a bland, inviting smile I assume when talking to inferiors.

"Jest on fourteen, sir; an' that'll be good job, too."

"Yes; I suppose you will feel quite a young man when you get something to do—to justify your existence. I—I mean to pay for right to live, you know."

The bright eyes scanned me a moment. "Get somefing to do. Yus, I 'ope so, sir; they will look arter me then, but now it's a bit thick, sir. There's father on the club—*he's* drunk every night. Muvver, she's a ironer at the 'Ampsted Laundry, an' gets ten bob a week; I gets one-an'-six 'ere and my breffus, an' two shillin' from old Mack the oilman, and that's all we 'ave to live on."

"No sisters or brothers?"

BRIGHTON.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL

IN

BRIGHTON BAY.

Comfort and Cuisine Excellent.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., says in *M.A.P.*, February 28th, 1903: "The Royal York Hotel, which used to be old-fashioned, has been gutted by the new proprietor, Mr. Preston; has been beautifully redecorated and refurnished; and is now one of the handsomest and one of the most comfortable hotels in the South of England."

Sir FRANCIS BURNAND, of *Punch*, says: "For coolness, comfort, and quiet the Royal York is hard to beat."

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Telegrams: "Presto, Brighton."

Under the Personal Superintendence of the Proprietor,

H. J. PRESTON.

Oblivious of my presence he spit on the blacking.

"Yus, sir, there's our Melia; she works wiv muvver, but she wants all she gets seein' as how she's goin' aht wiv a sojer. Then there's me two little bruvvers."

"Who looks after the home, then?" I queried.

"Well, sir, it's like this. I gets up at six and muvver soon arter. I got to get the fire goin' when there's anyfing to burn. I gets here at seven, cleans all the boots (and he pointed to a long line of pedal coverings), gets back, and gets the kids ready for school and tikes 'em, for muvver can't, and she got five days more nor once, when 'ad she tuk 'em she'd 'ave lost 'er job. Arter school, I goes to the oilman's till arternoon school, an' in the evening I run errands or mind the shop till nine or ten or eleven, and ov course Saturdays all day till arter twelve at night, but they tells me when I done schooling it will be easier for me, only about seventy hours a week then; and them as reckoned it up says I, and lots more, do over a 'underd a week now."

I calculated rapidly; it was so.

"Well, my boy, you've got a hard time of it, but your education will stand you in good stead in your life struggle; it will, or ought, to keep you from drink, unlike your father——"

"Fahver don't *drink*, 'e *eats* it; and, lor', sir, I'm only in the fird standard, and jest leavin' school. You be too tired to learn anyfing"—he had to stop to breathe on the toe of one of my shooting boots.

"But history. Surely history, with all its great men and great deeds, keeps you awake?"

"'Istory? Is that the Magner Charter thing?"

I gulped. "There are other things."

"Yus, there's the French class. I've bin in it over two yers"—this with great pride.

Good heavens! *French* class! Here was a boy inconceivably illiterate, being thrust on the community in a few weeks, for whom many people could ill spare the money to pay for his and such as his education, not the least acquaintance with English, and yet squeezed into a French class—what pedantic fool was responsible for this? I would go. The boy stopped his polishing and eyed me as though seeking the cause of my stumping up and down and fierce monotone. But stop! Perhaps the boy was exaggerating. My friend the doctor's words came back—"the dead letter of the Shop Hours Act."

"But, my boy, don't the inspectors visit you or your shop and find you are employed much longer than the Act allows?"

His eyes flashed a look of scorn at me. I felt small, not knowing why.

"That's easy as winkin'. When the inspector comes we says we 'as a day off once a week, else giv's 'im two 'ours later nor when we start, an' it's orlright. If we didn't, we loses our plice, an' annuver boy gits it." The last boot was finished.

"Here, what will you do with this shilling?"

Something seemed to get into his throat. After a minute, "I can git a pair of boots for little Billy an' Neddy at ole muvver Jones's for that—an' thank 'e very much, sir."

I gave him more. The breakfast seemed a bit unpalatable that morning. I have contracted a peculiar habit for such a Sybarite as I must confess myself to be—in my strolls on the Heath I pick my way and avoid the mud.

VIII.—HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

We have received the following:—

You may remember the undersigned having written you once or twice since the issue of your paper. Here is a case which may interest you.

I have a married sister, a Mrs. P——, of 13, S—— P——, F——n, a fishing village, near Montrose; she is very far gone in consumption, her death being (within six months) only a matter of time. Her husband is a labourer at Montrose dock for the Caledonian Railway Company, and earns *18s. per week*. They have themselves and four little children to keep out of this and can barely secure the necessities of life. Their dwelling consists of two apartments, a kitchen and bedroom! The kitchen is a mere hole of a place, with ceiling about five feet eleven high, and the bedroom measures *eleven feet by four feet*, and in this place, for which the rent is £4 per annum, these six people exist. But listen—yesterday I called (though comparatively poor myself I give them what I can), and found my sister brightened up a little because I had come from Glasgow to see her. While I was sitting she faintly called her little girl of ten years to her bedside, stretched her long marble white fingers for her purse, counted out a few coins, and, handing the girl a paper, held a whispered conversation, sending the girl on an errand with the injunction, "be sure and get a receipt." After the girl had gone I inquired what the errand was, and the faint answer came, "*My poor rates*," *6s. 4d.*, which was overdue, and about which the poor creature was in terror of a summons.

This is all truth. J. S. G.

BRONCHITIS
ASTHMA
CONSUMPTION

There are many so-called cures for these terrible complaints, but how many have proved their right to the title?

No less than 20,000 cases have been successfully treated by my Method of Home Treatment, a large number having previously been pronounced by physicians to be hopelessly incurable.

Can I offer more incontrovertible evidence that I can cure these diseases than the fact that I HAVE cured them?

And what is the reason that I have been so successful where eminent physicians and hospitals failed?

Because, unlike all orthodox methods, my hygienic Home Treatment does not merely produce a transient relief but exterminates the root of the Disease by removing the real causes, and thus effects an

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

NOTE.—This is a Home Treatment, and can be carried out at the patient's own residence without interference with daily duties.

READ THIS.

Before I heard of your cure I had been suffering from Asthma and Shortness of Breath for many years. I have had Chronic Bronchitis, so the Doctor told me, and a weak heart. I was laid up for 6 weeks and did not think I should ever come downstairs again. My friends who came to see me did not think I could get through another winter; but I did, though I could only go upstairs 2 or 3 steps and had to stop for breath, and if I went out it was only a few yards; but since I have been under your treatment I can walk miles, and I feel better than I have done for years. I had not been so far as Maidenhead for 3 years, and now I go by train there and walk home with ease. Last week I walked over three miles and back, and am in my 72nd year. They think I am a wonder, yet they will not try as I have done. Now I must thank you for your great kindness to me. I am very glad I wrote to you and I thank God for giving me my strength. By His goodness and your kindness I am to-day what I am.—ANNA SEERS, BURNHAM.

SEPTUAGENARIAN CURED from BRONCHIAL ASTHMA.

Full address on application.

The above is not "exceptional," but, on the contrary, is typical of thousands of testimonials filed at my Institute, and these can always be seen by any bona-fide inquirer.

£1,000

I am prepared to pay one thousand pounds to any Charitable Institution if the whole of the testimonials published by me are not genuine extracts from the patients' own letters.

All sufferers from the above complaints—irrespective of age or stage of the disease—should write at once for my new and exhaustive work on the Permanent Cure of Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Blood Spitting, Emphysema, Stomachic Complaints, &c., &c. This illustrated work, for which I make no charge, is sent post free and under cover to all inquirers who write direct to

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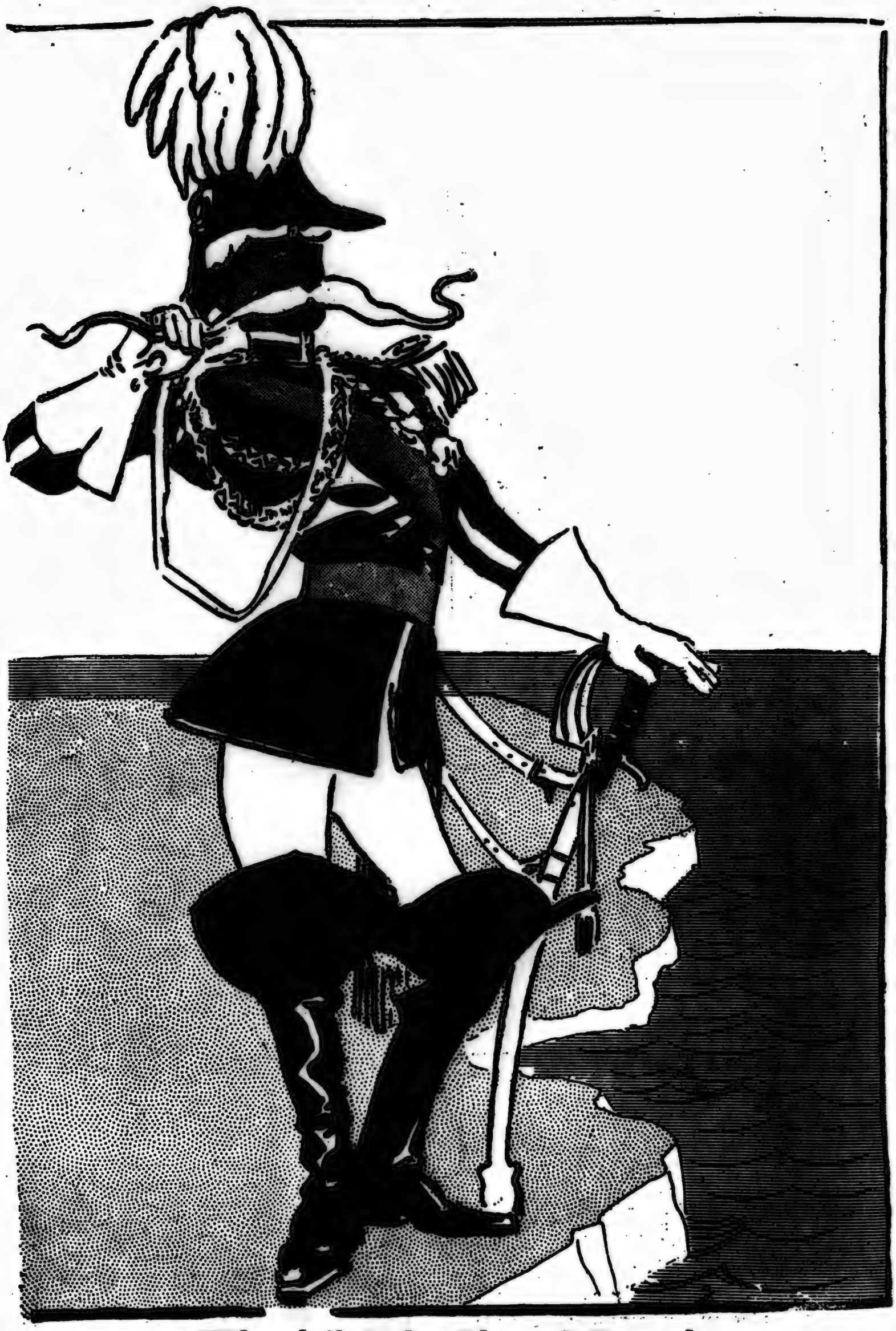

What killed the Channel Tunnel.

What killed the Channel Tunnel.

WEALTH is made by what you SAVE and not by what you EARN

Don't waste time envying the man with more money—start to-day and save out of your present salary. For instance, there's your Tailor's bill—why not reduce it by half and still look spick and span. How? By making your clothes last twice as long. Don't give them away because they are soiled or out of shape. Send them to us and we will clean and press them and make them look like a new suit for 4/6. We are also specialists in the cleaning of Ladies' Dresses, Blouses, Gloves, etc. Send for Booklet "D" which gives full particulars, or call at one of our numerous Branches. Chief London Office. 96, WIGMORE STREET, W.

4/6 A NEW SUIT.

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Different to Others.

In no other bicycle are there so many exclusive features—so many patented specialities of proved utility and merit as in the Triumph. For instance—
The TRIUMPH ECCENTRIC BRACKET for Chain Adjustment.
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Triumph Agents (in almost every town) deliver carriage paid—where not represented, cycles sent direct from Works, packed Free and Carriage Paid

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Leeds: 4, King Edward St.
Manchester: 160, Deansgate.
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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Those Wicked "Trusts."

The Standard Oil Company was organised in 1885. There had been "Trusts" before the Standard Oil Trust, but they were not much before, and they were "Trusts" of no importance, so to speak—"Trusts" merely in cotton oil and linseed oil, organised in mid-1884 and early in 1885 respectively. Later in the latter year the Rockefeller concern came into being; in 1887 the American Sugar Refining Company was formed, and the number of Transatlantic "Trusts" has grown rapidly in the succeeding twenty years. Concurrently with this growth there has developed a new mental disease, whose non-technical name may pass as "Trust on the Brain." It afflicts Democratic candidates for political honours in America with peculiar virulence, and trade rivals in highly developed industries are not entirely immune from its ravages. Here in England it is mainly an affection of the slack newspaper season; and the penny-a-lining journalist is its most pitiable victim. Occasionally he will infect large sections of the public with his malady by biting them, so to speak, in tender places. The wearisome reiteration of catch phrases concerning deadly low-flash, dear soap, high-priced wall-paper, the rise in cotton and so on and so forth—a practice with which, in its fresh, young stages, I have a great deal of sympathy—is a suspicious symptom. When the disease attains its fullest strength, the sufferer babbles ignorantly of "Theatrical Trusts." In the salad days of my connection with plays and players I had a short sharp attack of "Trust on the Brain" myself; and I took a lively hand, with my friends Fiske and Hapgood, and the rest, in hitting the heads of Mr. Charles Frohman and his allies whenever and wherever I saw them. I foamed out bitter leading articles, full of warning to the people of the earth; I interviewed both sides to the row (really a mere trade row, in fact, it proved), and showed by discreet comment on question and answer how very wicked the wicked "Theatrical Trust" must be. That was when I knew far less about the business side of the playhouse, and before I had troubled to think out the difference that may exist between the "Trust" as a real thing and the "Trust" as a phrase of popular controversy.

HAIR ADVERTISEMENTS
written by patrons of the
C.B. TRUE HAIR GROWER.

FIRST BOX MADE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK.

Dear Sir, Eastbo rne.
Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box h s started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessary to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to any one on any further occasion.
With best wishes for your business,
Yours truly,
J. Lumpkins

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES.

6d LARGE TRIAL BOX

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 189s, Craven House, OPPOSITE BRITISH MUSEUM, London.

A Bogus Agitation.

This week the whole question of "Trusts" in the sphere of public amusement has come into prominence again. The cable has told us that Klaw and Erlanger, of the American "Theatrical Trust" are about to invade the "vaudeville stage" of America—which is first cousin to the music-hall stage in England. This means that one so-called "Trust" is about to fight another so-called "Trust"; which, to the person who insists on exact definition before getting out his tomahawk, may suggest that there never was a real "Trust" in American vaudeville any more than there ever was a real "Trust" in American legitimate drama. What there was in both branches of the amusement industry in the United States was a widespread organisation such as is, if not essential, yet almost inevitable to the systematic supply of up-to-date entertainment in a land of magnificent distances like America. Such combinations must hurt somebody. However, on the whole, both the Keith-Proctor vaudeville combination and the Theatrical "Syndicate"—Charles Frohman, Al Hayman, Nixon and Zimmerman, and Klaw and Erlanger—have done their work well and fairly. They have treated the public and the artistes and the authors and the musicians better probably than they would have been treated on the average by individual managers competing the one against the other. The problematical advantages of competition in the direction of higher salaries for the employees and better shows at lower prices for the patron, have been balanced by the certainty of regular payment and employment for the capable and well-behaved artiste, and the best available entertainment at reasonable prices, amid surroundings of comfort and luxury found in no other of the world's amusement places for the public.

The Music-hall "Trust."

I am not for the moment concerned with the desirability of "Trusts" to deal with the supply of popular amusements in England; we shall have them all round, as the Americans have them, in due course. Indeed, an' it were my business to do so, I could prove that we have them already almost as completely as the Americans themselves. The Moss Empire Company, Limited, and its kindred Stoll concerns, is surely, if slowly, extending its network of music-halls over the face of the kingdom; only the other day Mr. George Dance linked up with this combination, bringing in houses at Coventry, Reading, and Richmond. The development of the rival organisation conducted by Mr. Walter de Frece and Mr. Fred Mouillot is registered week by week in the theatrical papers. On Monday it opened a new branch—the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh—and it has houses in Manchester, Liverpool, Belfast, Dublin, Leeds, Bournemouth, Colchester, Southampton, Margate, and Wolverhampton, and will open up Sheffield, Hull and Cardiff (where the Stoll-Moss movement started) at an early date. Other growing "Trusts" are those headed by Adney Payne, Walter Gibbons, and Macnaughten; and no man who is acquainted with the amusement business from the inside can doubt that within ten years from to-day all these combinations that have not eaten up one another in the way of trade will be parts of a single great "working arrangement," which the foolish may call a "Trust" if they will. A "Trust" in the objectionable sense of the term, means to me a combination, not merely in restraint of trade, but in restraint of trade to the public disadvantage, coupled with a virtual control of the raw materials of an industry. The latter condition is practically impossible as a continuing factor in the world of amusement, either here or in America; and in both countries so far, the greater the combination the better it has been for the patrons of the shows, and for the average run of artistes, and others employed in making them. The key to the problem of this ever-increasing concentration of capital and organisation in the American section of the business is the economy and simplicity of administration that control of a vast number of houses and a great army of talent can give. Better entertainments may be provided at cheaper prices over wider areas at lower cost and larger profit, because the agency, travelling, and other expenses are reduced to the minimum, and salaries and wages are less for a year's regular work, with pay assured, than they would be for six months' spasmodic employment and uncertainty as to the employers' bank balance.

Old Ben Keith.

Mr. Benjamin Keith is the most famous man in American vaudeville circles. Like almost all the best men that America has produced, "Old Ben" began at the bottom of the ladder—Charles Frohman's start was in his twelfth year as night office boy to a New York newspaper. Mr. Keith saw that the American music-hall was a foul and despicable thing; unclean morally and physically alike. Fumigated, he guessed that it had a big future, and he tried his luck, and came out top. No decent woman could go to a vaudeville show in America when Keith began his crusade; the music-hall was a "stag" concern. He altered all that. He built beautiful houses, replete, as the advertisements say, with every modern improvement; where ladies could spend an hour alone, or with their maids and children, in the intervals of shopping, whence they could telephone to friends and write letters, where they could rest in airy tea-rooms, or read in cosy libraries. He did what Mr. "Joe" Lyons will try to do at Exeter Hall and Mr. Stoll failed to make pay at the Coliseum. He created palaces, with vaudeville entertainments—little plays and good music, as well as high-class variety turns. So he became a millionaire; so rich that he could and did give away whole theatres as they stood to his faithful and admiring lieutenants. I had heard of Ben as a very hard nut to crack, extremely hot in a deal, and all the rest of it. When he was in London five years ago, with a view to turning the Princess's Theatre into a Continuous Vaudeville Palace, I spent the best part of an evening with him, and I found him one of the most modest Americans I have ever met, as naïvely interested in the sights of the town as the veriest child from the Provinces. I don't know how many music-halls there are in the Keith-Proctor circuit, but the alliance must cover several hundreds, directly or indirectly. Klaw and Erlanger are interested in 200 houses, and for a start they will turn 75 of them into music-halls—in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, St. Louis, Washington, Philadelphia; in fact, over the whole field of American vaudeville enterprise. Naturally, this will mean a huge addition to the usual demand for variety talent in America, and the European capitals are being ransacked by the rival agents of these mammoth forces.

The Outcome.

Personally, I do not think the conflict will last very long; it will not pay either side to fight to a finish. But while it lasts sentiment will back vast capital in both camps.

P.

BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK & WHITE"
THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

CHARING CROSS BANK.
(Established 1870.)
28, Bedford-Street, Charing-Cross, W.C., and 39 Bishopsgate-Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield Cardiff, Southampton, Plymouth, etc.
Assets, £1,136,249. Liabilities, £796,768. Surplus, £339,481.
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2½ per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
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" 6 " " " 6 "
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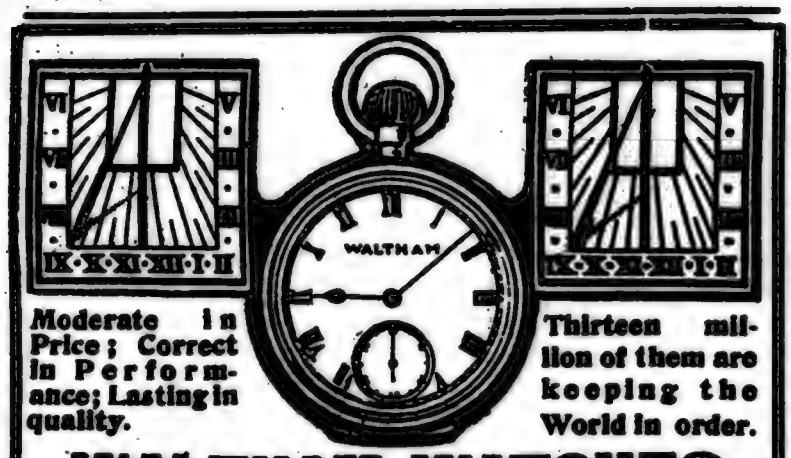

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK

By Mrs. Bull.

(Mrs. Bull will be delighted to receive suggestions and contributions from our readers.)

Occupation for Women.

In these days when, with increasing persistency, men refuse to fulfil their obligations to the State by taking unto themselves a wife, any new occupation which suggests itself for the unattached maiden to earn her daily bread is of value, and therefore of interest. I wonder how many of my readers are aware, especially those who are not town dwellers, what a nice little sum is annually to be made out of duck breeding? All that are required are a few stock ducks, a backyard, and a broody hen. The object to the duck breeder must be to hatch out very early ducklings, and, when I tell you that at the present time such birds at nine weeks old are fetching 7s. 6d. each, you will easily see what profit is to be made out of such a business. If you have no wish to keep stock ducks, eggs ready for sitting may be purchased from the many vendors of such commodities.

While on the subject of buying eggs for hatching, I notice, in one of the poultry papers, that a certain monastery in the West of England is advertising eggs for this purpose. I trust, for the sake of possible purchasers, that the reverend fathers who run the poultry farm do not apply the monastic principles of their order to their stock, otherwise the eggs would prove unprofitable.

Another opening for women suggests itself to those who have a facile pen—this is to edit and re-write the dialogue of our leading dramatists, who can do with a little revision in this particular. For, however able they undoubtedly are as playwrights, their dialogue leaves very much to be desired on the score of naturalness and simplicity.

Many times when I go to the theatre my ears are constantly hurt by lines of the "Sir, your liberty is ill-timed, and displeases me" order, as if, in the matter of dialogue, dramatists have not got further than the type of H. J. Byronic comedy. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Compton are the worst offenders in this respect. Their partiality for "Sunday best" English mars that which would otherwise be good work.

While upon the subject of plays, I shall be interested—from a woman's point of view—to see if "John Gladye's Honour," at the St. James's, will have the success predicted for it by the Press. If Mr. Sutro can persuade audiences of women, of which the theatre principally consists, to feel sympathy for a man who is unable to exact fidelity from his wife, he is an abler Hebrew than I took him to be. Many playwrights have attempted works having for their leading motive the story of Uriah the Hittite, or subjects near akin. Dire failure has ever been the result; the most notable example of recent years being that of Mr. Comyns Carr's "King Arthur," produced with such disastrous results by the late Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre. Is there not a French proverb to the effect that in the divorce court a petitioning husband is a creditor who shows to greater disadvantage than the defendant?

Education and the Actor.

Of late years the calling of the actor has been considered by its votaries and by most of those who dwell in the select suburbs, to take precedence of all arts, professions, and occupations. Occasionally it is brought home to me, however, that the actor, no more than the leopard, can change his spots, or, in other words, be otherwise than what he is. Recently, at a theatrical "At Home," which I was compelled to attend, there were several mummers present, one of whom was requested to write his signature in that latter-day substitute for the confession album nuisance, an autograph book. While the actor was conning the book with a fellow "pro.," he chanced upon a quotation above a signature, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

"What's that French mean?" asked one of the other.

"Something rude, of course," replied his friend.

The German Press and Women.

Recently the German Press, in its effort to find something new to abuse in connection with England, has lighted upon the subject of our doll-like women-folk. Our women, they tell us, are playthings—dolls, anything you will, except serious-minded females. Most international arguments take the form of "tu quoques," but in this instance it would be ridiculous to accuse the average German house-frau of being anything resembling an ornament.

NOISES.

By Jim Crow.

I have often had occasion to remark that this is a squeamish, flabby, milksop age, and one thing which fortifies my argument is the puling, anæmic iteration of protests against noise. Good Lord! are we all such nervous, degenerate mollycoddles that no one may speak above a whisper, that the streets must be paved with cork or rubber, that we must all creep about our business like mutes in a graveyard?

Exhilarating.

If silence be indeed golden, then give me the silver of speech, or the loud blare of brass. Silence suggests death and loneliness and sulkiness and deserts and Arctic ice and everything that is utterly abominable. Whereas almost every noise is cheerfully exhilarating. I like to wake and hear the boisterous twittering of birds, even though I know that they are ravaging my orchard and devastating my flower-beds. I love the continued roar of traffic, the crunching and rumbling of breakers, the glorious sound of a rushing, mighty river, even the music of an express-train, and the chorus of an hundred frogs.

Good Company.

At night-time there is no more soothing lullaby than noise, more particularly a continuous noise. Once you have grown accustomed to it, sleep is murdered by its absence. Go to some horrid house in the depths of the country and see how you will fare if you are a votary of noise. The dead silence will obsess you, and play upon your imagination until every particle of pluck will have oozed out of the tips of your toes. If a dog barks, or the furniture cracks, or the wind howls down the chimney, you are at once filled with alarms of burglars, or ghosts, or fire, or a thousand improbable calamities. If, on the other hand, everything remains quite still, you are filled with gloomy forebodings and melancholy thoughts. You feel miserably alone. Whereas noises are such friendly companions, guardian angels, messengers of jollity and good-will.

The Poor Man's Friend.

Attempts to suppress public advertisements appear to me in the light of a much-ado-about-nothing. But, after all, there is something to be said for the protection of scenery. Societies, however, which aim at turning life into an everlasting Quakers' meeting, appear to me nothing less than old women and faddists and killjoys. Incidentally, they also grind the faces of the poor. Consider how many honest, struggling toilers depend for their scanty wage upon the strength of their lungs I am not now alluding to the bookmaker or the stockbroker or the Socialist orator. I am thinking of people like the cheery costermonger and the poor pedlar, who have no means of attracting attention except by crying their wares. A generation ago our streets were enlivened by the musical chaunts of those who offered groundsel "for your sweet singing birds," or proclaimed—

> "Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
> If I had more money than I can tell,
> I never would cry 'Young lambs to sell!'"

or expatiated upon the old-world fragrance of lavender. Now all is sullen and silent. It is as much as ever you can hear if County Council regulations permit the morning milkman to announce his advent, or the cat's-meat man to trill the succulence of his dainties.

Absurd Allegations.

Yet, even so, the Trappist spirit is not satisfied. Day after day it screams its disorderly protests in the Press. We are startled by huge headlines about the "City of Dreadful Noise," and "London Hospitals busy with Nerve Victims." Life, we are told is "well nigh intolerable in many parts of the metropolis." "On four days every week from 200 to 300 people are treated in the out-patient department of the Hospital for Paralysis and Epileptics, Bloomsbury, and their ailments are mainly the result of the noise and bustle of London streets. Most of the patients are clerks, governesses, shop-workers, and even solicitors and doctors, who have found the strain too much for their delicate nerves."

Shaky Solicitors.

Well, well, well! Talk about pulling legs! In the course of a long, misspent life it has been my fortune to become acquainted with many solicitors, but I never met one yet who suffered from delicate nerves (or indeed any other exaggerated form of delicacy), and I simply refuse to believe in the existence of an attorney who has been driven to

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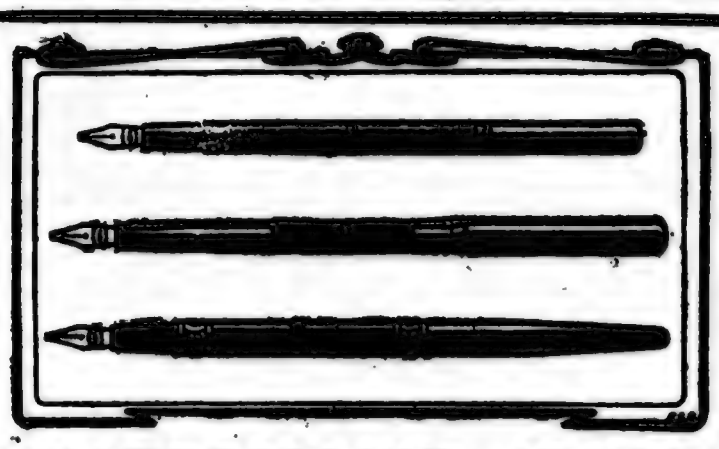

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paralysis and epilepsy by the "bustle of the streets." If such an one does really exist, he ought to be pickled and exhibited in a museum as the eighth wonder of the world.

Once admit this kind of argument against noises, and where are you to stop? From time to time there are solicitors, bank-clerks, doctors, and shop-workers who suffer from claustrophobia, and agoraphobia whenever they perceive a policeman. Shall we, then, disband the force in the interests of their nerves? Let us be serious, and remember that all this dread of noises is invariably proof of a bad conscience or a bad digestion. And I for one refuse to be deprived of a pleasure in order to pamper the prejudices of decadent and neurotic persons. Let them huddle in their paralytic homes. Let us have the survival of the fittest.

Intemperate Language.

The votaries of silence are epileptic even in their arguments. Their chief outcry is against motor-lorries, which "lumber through secluded West-End streets in order to avoid the traffic in busy thoroughfares, rattling the windows and shaking some of the houses just as though there were a miniature earthquake." I wonder how many motor-lorries lumber through secluded West-End streets in the course of a year, and how many seconds they take on the average to pass any given house! To compare so trifling a disturbance to an earthquake is a gross abuse of language, only pardonable in a half-witted creature, whose opinions are of less than no account.

Whip-cracking and the Cracked.

This form of hysteria has just now appeared as a serious epidemic on the Riviera, where too much gambling hath evidently made some residents mad. In my friend Barnett's amusing green paper, I find whole columns of correspondence about "Monte Carlo's Curse of Needless Noise," and I am sure that the genial editor must have almost as much fun with his letter-bag as John Bull has with his. An English physician considers the merry "noise of the horns truly maddening," as it "reduces nervous people to a state of almost frenzy." An "English chemist confirms," regardless of the opportunity of selling bromides. "Another well-known gentleman" protests against "the persistent cracking of whips by not only the cabs but also the carts of every description." What clever carts! How do they do it? "By day," he proceeds, "the nerves are so severely tried that life is almost a burden. Cannot something be done? If so, in Heaven's name let it be set about at once.—F." I think I know what F stands for.

Another laments that "all sense of quietness is rapidly being destroyed in Monte Carlo: one never knows what unexpected noise may assail one's ears and nerves. I have seen people 'jump from nervous shock' when 'that gun' banged off at 12 o'clock (noon)." Poor things, why don't they go to Bognor or Pontoise for their holidays? Then a lady of "fifteen seasons" declares that "the whip-cracking is the most dreadful and nerve-shocking abuse." Finally, we have "a bitter cry from Nice," asking "what possible satisfaction can it afford drivers to be continually making this offensive noise?" Presumably, all these tender mortals would prefer a few more accidents at the many sharp corners on the Corniche road.

The Baby-crowing Nuisance.

As I conclude these angry observations, I read a letter to an editor on the "dog-barking nuisance." A lady named Edith, a denizen of North Kensington, weeps over "the almost incessant barking and yelping of ill-kept dogs of unsuitable sizes and breeds in some of the London streets." I suppose that she would like all Londoners to deprive themselves of canine society for the sake of her disordered nerves! But why stop there? If we may not keep dogs, surely we should also be prevented from indulging in the nuisance of keeping cats or canaries or parrots, or, what are admittedly the noisiest and most unreasonable of animals, babies!

ÆSOP'S FABLES

The Parvenu.

A certain Man, having Waxed very Rich, He caused a Genealogical
Tree to be Made, which He showed to his Acquaintances.
"See," he Said, "What great Families I have descended from.
"I come from the Best Families in the Kingdom."
"Yes," said his Friends, "You've certainly come a Long Way."

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—
That Lord Rosebery is badly "hipped."

That "reigning cats and dogs" is Father Vaughan's trouble.

That an apology and compensation are to be offered to Rayner.

That the Suffragettes who interviewed the Premier got more Can'ts than Cannes out of him.

That Mr. Asquith is a very Solemn-'un.

That the taxicab drivers don't care for "tips."

That Marie Lloyd's daughter is not ailin'.

That "After you" will be the motto for all Powers at the Peace Conference.

That the brewers say they can do without the barm-aid.

That the King of Spain is building "castles on the heir."

That C.-B. went to Cannes to "preserve" the Lords.

That "prison fare" means a Suffragette.

Mems. Witty-Cur Missed:—
Tin tacks.—The income tax.
A poll tax.—"Tatcho."
"Le Grand" General.—The G.P.O.
A curtain-raiser.—The lady next door.
A moving spectacle.—A raised eye-glass.

Some Definitions:—
Feast.—At another home.
Faint.—A modern way of hurrying up a slow suitor.
Funeral.—A social function—a re-union; a debauch.
Garb.—A clerical attire.
Garden.—A lady's hat.
Genealdgy.—Something underground; a potato; a corpse; a worm.
Gold-Brick.—See Greenhorn.
Greenhorn.—See Gold-brick.
Guarantee.—A promise to dispute.
"*Gum.*"—An expression of surprise, or satisfaction.
Habit.—A drink.
Heart.—An obsolete organ of prehistoric man.
Hair.—A sweet process.
Heir.—A bankrupt; a borrower.
Hell.—A resting-place for politicians.
Hose.—A fire extinguisher—worn next the body.

Professor Long asks:—Will three acres support a family? We don't know. But it takes many achers to support a dentist.

That story in the *D.N.* about the man of a hundred summers being waited on by his daughter of eighty, reminds us of the story of the long-lived trio. A friend looked in, and addressing a youth of eighty asked: "Where's father?" "Oh, he's upstairs putting grandfather to bed."

Zilli Sultan, the uncle of the Shah, has been disgraced. What a silly Shah to quarrel with a Zilli uncle.

In high feather.—A new bonnet at the theatre.
Language of the sole.—The creaking of one's boots.
The first rows of summer.—In the beginning of the boating season.
Mottos for sales by auction.—Be contented with your lot.
When should we read the book of Nature?—When autumn turns the leaves.

An ex-M.P. says the only happy pairs he has known are those of the House of Commons.

It may be said of the hatter, that however small may be his lot, he is generally making himself felt.

Fond Husband: "Good-bye, love! If I am really prevented from coming home to dinner, I will send you a telegram."
Wife: "You need not trouble to send it, my love; I have already taken it out of your pocket."

Mr. Cummins, a newsagent, of Muswell Hill, has collected £85 "self-denial" for the Salvation Army. But none of his customers could be induced to give up his John Bull.

The Journalists' Union has been in communication with the Bishops *re* Sunday reporting. The Bishop of Truro is in favour of the clergy doing their own reporting (!), while Exeter's Bishop very much doubts if any good comes of reporting sermons at all to outweigh the loss of the reporter's rest, "and other evils of a more subtle character." What unadulterated piffle.

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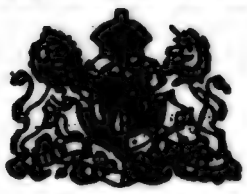

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THE
LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

Father Vaughan is still "touching 'em up on the raw." The smart set "take one hour getting ready and two hours getting undone." How does he get to know these things?

The Rev. J. Howard told the Ongar Guardians he knew a clergyman who lived to be 90, who never washed himself, and was quite healthy. What about "the odour of sanctity?"

The Medical Officer of Hove has called the Town Council's attention to the practice of bakers baking mattresses in their ovens. But they have long been permitted to bake whole "cottages."

A greengrocer at Hampstead was charged with being drunk while in charge of a horse and van. It appeared, however, that the man was arrested a mile away, and he argued that in these circumstances he was not in charge of the horse. He should go to the Bar.

Mr. G. P. Huntley asserts that the difference between the problem play and a musical comedy is "one is bare, cold chicken; the other a toothsome fowl, with sprigs of parsley round it." This explains the difference between Ibsen's "Wild Duck" and the Gaiety "Spring Chicken." The latter was certainly rather "bare" and a bit hot.

As a rule, candidates do not always tell the whole truth, but Bromley cannot complain of any ambiguity about this:—'Vote for F.W. B.——. who will try and get some of the money spent in your own district."

A burglar who broke into some Chelsea workshops did not beware of the dog, who was found sitting on the rim of the man's hat, with the remains of an overcoat near by, and a bottle of medicine. At least the dog might have let him take that away for his personal use—it may have been embrocation.

The Lord Mayor objects to "the curse of municipal enterprise." We may expect to see the Central Meat Market shut up.

Gallant little Wales again! In Ruabon no rates have been levied for ten years, and only two 1s. 2d. rates before that. Rough on the passive resisters.

A man has been charged at Liverpool with "unlawfully wearing His Majesty's uniform." After bathing in the canal he found someone had "borrowed" his clothes, leaving the uniform behind. But he should have got back into the canal, and waited till the clouds rolled by.

The Billingsgate Fisheries to go to Shadwell, and Covent Garden produce to shift to Billingsgate! "You may substitute roses or grapes as you will, but the smell and the language will knock you down still."

From a Herts paper: "Wanted, a comfortable cook in a clergyman's family," etc. Evidently the clergyman is an old bachelor, and wants to be made "nice and comfy."

Speaking at Caxton Hall, the Bishop of London said people were continually running down the police of London. We presume he was referring to motorists.

Mr. Bowles, not having the fear of the Whip before his eyes, compares Mr. Balfour to Jingle, Micawber, and Mantalini. What the Dickens next?

A lady at Chiswick complained of her neighbour keeping fowls—three cockerels and forty hens. "When I complained, he put in another cockerel," said she. The neighbour evidently thought that should satisfy the old hen.

Speaking of the Channel Tunnel, Major-General Sir A. Turner characterised military objections as "pure and simple humbug." Why "pure and simple?"

Owing to illness, a solicitor at Marylebone asked for an adjournment, and Judge Selfe offered to "adjourn it to Doomsday if you like." In that case, a judgment summons would follow as a matter of course.

Mr. Birrell's definition of a church as a place you can drop into when not playing billiards is apt. In either case you are associated with canons, pockets, cushions, and the cloth.

Mr. Arthur Seymour considers "there is more drunkenness in a book than in all the vineyards of France." Now we shall soon be having a time limit for free libraries.

Mr. Willie Redmond says, "No section of God's creatures should be deprived of the vote." We may expect soon to see posters—"Votes for Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, and good Red Herrings."

Tenby Town Council has brought an action against a local editor to exclude him from the meetings until "he proved to the Council's satisfaction he was an efficient shorthand writer and reporter." Has he been reporting the members verbatim?

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

V.—LESSONS IN FIRESIDE FELICITY.

It seems that Mrs. Bramwell Booth has started in Hackney, Tottenham, and district an organisation called the Home League in connection with the Salvation Army. The declared object of this blessed institution is to make husbands happy. I need not say that Mrs. Bramwell Booth has the honour of my august approval and the advantage of my prayers for her success. The League may be said to fill a long-felt want. It is no exaggeration to say that there are many thousands of husbands in this country so miserable that they have never been able to tell the difference between a marriage and a funeral. Some husbands are happy with a baby, and others are miserable with twins. Many are miserable on half-a-million a year, and some are ecstatic because their wives give them sixpence when they take home their wages on Saturday. Here you find a husband happy with half-a-gallon of beer, and there one miserable because his wife drinks all the whisky. In that house a husband is miserable because his wife won't sing to him Love's old sweet songs, and in this one a husband is happy because his wife has lost her voice. "It's all according," as the man said when his better half hit him over the head with the fire shovel.

The Home League is going into the Paradise business seriatim. For instance, it will start with three illustrative lessons. Lesson No. 1 is on the text "Don't nag," Lesson No. 2 on the text "Don't grumble," and Lesson No. 3 will elucidate that noble method of managing husbands devised by the rather eminent author of "The Heavenly Twins"—to wit, "Feed the brute." Doubtless these lessons of the League are somewhat lacking in originality. For instance, wives have been advised not to nag ever since the days of the gentleman who wrote Solomon, and long before him, yet probably there are more nagging wives than ever there were. As to feeding the brute, regarded as a means of making husbands happy, that is an eternal verity. All husbands are addicted to food. They cannot love their wives without it, and the more they get the more they love. In their search for food, husbands have been known to leave their wives with ninepence for hash and go and enjoy a five-shilling dinner in a West-end restaurant while the band played. If only poor wives would refrain from eating that their husbands might have more food I am convinced that hundreds of thousands of homes would be brighter and happier. Let a wife eat cake and give her husband truffles, and he will never regret that he married her. When she is dead he may even lay flowers upon her grave once every Sunday till he marries somebody younger.

The Home League will open up vital problems beyond the great food question, however. One of the examination questions to be submitted to members asks how a husband shall "broach the story of having given the 'bus conductor 2s. 6d. in mistake for a penny." Personally, I suggest that if he really desires to be happy he should not broach that story at all, for if he is a bad hand at a lie he will probably get found out, and if he is a good hand at it his wife will probably not believe him. He might just as well go home with the yarn that he had lost the money through a hole in his trousers, for in the middle of the night his wife would certainly arise and look for that hole. If speak he must, let him own up that he met a man on his way home who desired to converse with him on the political situation. In marriage, it is a blessed thing to unburden the erring soul. I am told that half-a-crown does not go far in the more exquisite malt beverages, but that a lie on the lips lasteth for ever.

Take another question propounded by the Home League. "How," it is asked, "should the husband manage to look cheerful when the dead snip turns back and starts to eat the fence?" Conversant as I am with all the subtleties and intricacies of family life, I have reluctantly to confess that I do not understand this question. Supposing a man were to go home and say to his wife, in accents of tenderness, "My dear, I am very sorry, but the dead snip turned back and started to eat the fence," I feel sure a thousand lights would flash on him from the limpid deeps of her wondering eyes. Certainly, if Mrs. Bramwell Booth wishes me to become a member of the Home League she will have to instruct me what a "dead snip" is, how it is enabled to eat the fence, and what it has to do with the happiness of husbands and wives. So far as I am aware, there are no edible fences in this country. All I have seen are made of the plainest of dead twigs or plain wood, often painted, sometimes tarred; and I cannot imagine why a dead snip should want to eat them, or even how it could, whether it wants or not, seeing that it is dead.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

S. W. (Streatham Hill) draws attention to the firm of Davidson Bros., who advertise "Real photograph postcards" at 1d. each—whereas, says "S. W.," they are simply clever imitations, which "cannot be distinguished from the real thing, except by special testing." Of course, the hardship comes upon the honest photographer, who does not fake his goods. Still, as Ada Reeve would say, "it's only a penny."

R. W. H. (Leytonstone).—The notice from the Water Board refers to "2 quarters to Lady Day, 1907"—so you appear to have had the water. Of course, it's hard to have to pay for such a commodity, especially with beer so cheap.

"JUVENIS" (Catford).—We are sorry for "Larry Lynx," but we go to press several days before publishing date, and half the horses he tips are frequently dead by the time we are out.

W. E. C. (Haverstock Hill) sends us an interesting cutting from the *Sunday Circle*. You have only to buy six copies, and then the editor will send you a bottle of genuine holy water taken from the River Jordan—"the same as Royal children are baptised in," and bottled in the presence of the "leading men of Jericho." We are not told who they are, but we do remember that it was said of one of our own Royal family, during his earlier days, that the holy water in his case "had not taken." W. E. C. had better buy six extra copies of JOHN BULL, and we'll send him a bottle of beer.

F. W. S. (Cricklewood).—See reply to G. W. T.

E. F. (Taunton), H. H. (Kinsale).—Ditto, ditto.

CROSS FLATTS (Leeds), an engineer's draughtsman, has "always had a hankering after farming," and thinks of emigrating to one of the colonies—but the question is, which one? Our friend should read JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

F. E. P., who signs himself "Yours respectfully," thinks we are going to the dogs. Herbert Vivian and Jim Crow should be put in a sack and drowned, Mrs. BULL he thinks is a barmaid, Mr. Dooley writes "confounded gibberish," etc., etc., etc. F. E. P. says he will send his full name and address if we will publish his letter. But we think the above samples will do for the moment. What will F. E. P. take with us? He seems to be a jolly sort of chap.

"PRECIPITATE" (West Hartlepool).—We have already told you and others that the "Mint" people are peppermint—very hot.

DIEGO (Mercedes) has JOHN BULL regularly sent out to him by his brother, but does not think us quite consistent in the matter of our advertisements. The only control we have over them is the right to remove them if anything discreditable comes to our knowledge. See notice on page 1.

A. P. (Brook Street).—We believe the National Therapeutic people are respectable, but we know nothing personally of the merits of any hair restorer. *Our* mop is all right.

S. C. S. (Chatham) says that on a recent Sunday the Mayor presided over a "Sunday Observance" meeting, and declaimed warmly against all kinds of Sabbath labour—and then drove away in his carriage, being hooted by some of the audience. Silly people, to have taken his worship seriously.

J. L. (Shepherd's Bush) sends us this advertisement, cut from one of the evening papers:—

> Well-known "soldier of fortune," just returned from abroad, is now open for any employment of a dangerous nature; strong, active, and energetic; good rider, swimmer, and a dead shot; highest references, medals, etc.; men raised, machine guns, etc., at a moment's notice; everything strictly private.—"Semper Paratus," 7, Goodge Street, London, W. Letters only.

Organisers of "tariff reform" and other demonstrations, please note.

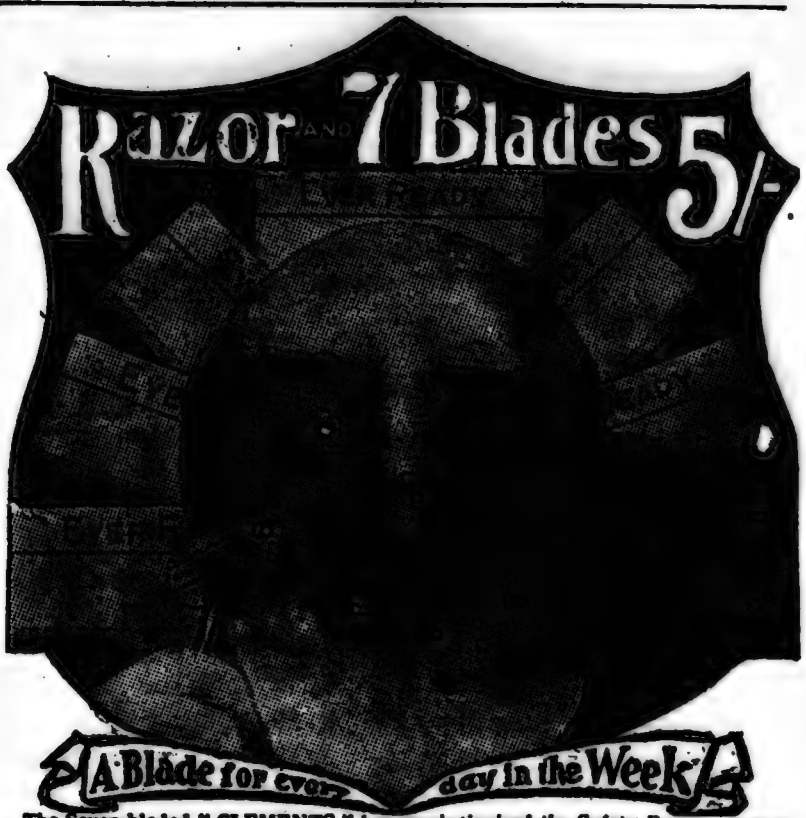
J. S., 53, Vaughan Road, Camberwell, is a Dutch, Cape Dutch, and Flemish translator, and wants work.

"ANTI-BUNKUM" (Highbury) has read our article on the barmaid question, and has come to the conclusion that we are "either a publican, a barmaid fancier, or a perverter of the truth, or that we have never been in a public-house." We plead guilty to the second and third charges—especially the second. But the fourth—never let it be said! "Anti-Bunkum" says he has been a "regular frequenter of public-house bars all over the country, during a rather debauched existence." Naughty man. He must join Mrs. Bull's Tipplers' Mission. No collection—and a drop of gin at the close of the service.

J. B. (Balham) is justly indignant with a local paper called the *Weekly Mail*, which, in quoting one of our post-cards, says we "are almost as bright and interesting" as itself. Never mind; it was the editor's way of being nice. By-the-way, how is "Balham's ass"? And by-the-way, again, what right has J. B. to *our* initials?

"MINTY" (Hyde).—Musicians must have butter.

A correspondent (who gives his name) draws attention to the rules of the Home and Colonial Stores which "forbid association between male and female members of the staff outside business hours," and decree that "any assistant conversing with a cashier or vice versa, except when absolutely compelled by business, will be instantly dismissed." But that is nothing to what we shall see under the Socialist state, if it ever does come.



The Seven-bladed "CLEMENTS" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that meant a "square deal." Clements' Safety Razor sets are complete at Five Shillings. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber, with the first shave—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

Clements' blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years. For those desirous of doing away with re-honing and re-sharpening, WE WILL EXCHANGE SEVEN NEW BLADES FOR SEVEN DULL ONES AND 1/6.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy our blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 6/6 per dozen, post free. We will always exchange a dozen dull blades for a dozen brand new ones at 2/6. a dozen post free. Send for free booklet.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMENTS' RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST. LONDON.

CAN BE SEEN AT CLEMENTS' RAZOR DEPOTS: 99, STRAND (under Savoy Hotel). 42, OLD BROAD STREET. 49, MOORGATE STREET. 59, FLEET STREET. 127, HIGH HOLBORN. 41, GRACECHURCH STREET. 16, LONDON STREET, E.C. 45, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.

A cleaner, easier and quicker shave, less stropping of the razor, a greater feeling of refreshment afterwards, and a clearer, healthier skin—these are the results that attend the use of "SHAVALLO." It yields the richest and most lasting of creamy lathers and combines a swift thorough softening effect on the beard with a mildness that will not smart or irritate the skin,

After moistening your face with warm water apply "SHAVALLO" direct. Then a whisk or two of the moistened brush produces a firm creamy lather that softens the beard immediately, and renders shaving altogether more comfortable and refreshing. "SHAVALLO" is in a neat Ivorine case that enables you to apply it direct with ease.

SOLD BY HAIRDRESSERS & CHEMISTS, 1/- per stick.

A stick will be forwarded direct for 1/1 if you cannot obtain "SHAVALLO" in your district.

JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd., (Dept. C)

Soap Makers to the King,
The Royal Primrose Soap Works, LONDON, E.

WHY WORK P

Only to pay your tailor fabulous profits, when we, with our Productive facilities, are able to clothe you for little more than nothing a year. Your Tailor charges you £3 3s. for a Suit which we can make specially for you at 21/-. Why waste money? Send a postcard for Free Patterns of our Cloths, and you will be astonished at the value we give.

SUITS to Measure, 21/-, 27/6, 32/6.
TROUSERS to Measure, 6/-, 8/-, 9/6.

The suits are made from reliable and handsome Tweeds, Worsteds, and Vicunas. Send a Postcard for Patterns, forwarded free, and carriage paid. Together with patterns, we will send you our fashion plate of latest designs, booklet containing a long list of absolutely unsolicited testimonials from gratified clients all over the world, tape measure and self-measure form, whereby you may measure yourself as accurately as any tailor. You take your measure to our instructions; we guarantee a perfect fit, or refund the amount of your money in full. Our Terms are: Satisfaction Given or money returned.

CURZON BROS., World's Measure Tailors (Dept. 191), 60 & 62, City Road, Finsbury, London, E.C

THE
NEW CRY of the CHILDREN
IS FOR BREAD

HOVIS

(Trade Mark.)

IS
THE BEST BREAD

Science and Experience confirm.

Hovis is **not** an ordinary bread, but the perfected product of up-to-date flour production and hygienic bread-baking. It is **not** a spongy, puffy bread, but a delicate-textured, sweet, nutty flavoured loaf, appreciated by young and old alike. Free from all adulterants, it is absolutely pure. Accept no substitutes. None other is "just as good."

From all Bakers and Confectioners.

The Hovis Bread-Flour Co., Ltd.,
Macclesfield.

C. E. W. (S. Norwood) saw an advertisement, which was illustrated by a very hairy Assyrian-looking face. It announced that a "nice manly moustache can now be grown in a few days at *any age*, even at 15. No more boyish faces at 30! Send 6d. in stamps to Mr. H. Dalmet, 42, Gray's Inn Road." Most people of 30 would be glad to look boyish, but perhaps C. E. W. is only 15. Anyhow he sent his 6d., and received a circular saying "the small 6d. box is only for trial," but "our usual thorough treatment large box" will be sent for 1s. 6d. more. He protested that he only wanted the sixpennyworth, which had been advertised, but so far he cannot get his money or his moustache. At any rate he has saved the risk of eczema as well as 1s. 6d.

"Hasuk" (Cairo) wants us to attack C.-B. We promise we will do so directly he deserves it.

"John Bull, Junior" (Leeds).—We are not bulls of suffragette stock.

"John Bullite" (Bowes Park).—We agree with your estimate of your Muse, but your heart is in the right place—up your sleeve.

T. E. D. (Bournemouth).—We rather doubt your receiving any very substantial sum for a testimonial to a gas bracket. If you must get up testimonials, think of us.

A. G. (London, N.) prescribes a vegetarian diet for people in trouble and a copy of John Bull for Protestant clergymen in Ireland. Why not John Bull for both?

M. A. M. (Balham).—We are Scotch enough to fail to see your point.

"Wargrave" (Essex).—What makes you think it possesses any value?

"English" thinks there is too much Scotch in the Cabinet. We will unlock it and see to that.

H. J. S. (Stoke Newington) wants a biscuit for the *People*, which described a football match, saying it "started before an attendance of fully 50,000," and mentioning at the end that "the attendance numbered 36,000." But perhaps some became bored and went away.

"Hampstead Reader" sends some merry quips about "lady brewery clerks." What have their brewthers to say to this?

H. J. R. (East Ham).—We don't care for cuttings, even from Ham. Besides, they are evidently Methodists.

"An Old Reader" (Chippenham).—The *Times* tries to follow the politics of the jumping cat. American papers are just as bad, but not quite so dull.

"Nobby."—Thereby hangs a tail.

Mrs. W. (Chichester) thinks it "very amuseing" that "the Sisters of St. Margaret have had a large house at Bognor kindly placed at their disposal for six weeks for the use of the tired mothers of Chichester." But we should be tired too, if we had to live at Chichester.

Mrs. A. E. R. (Regent's Park).—We rather agree with the magistrate. Indiscriminate doles multiply cadging. What is your objection to the Charity Organisation Society. Its expenses?

D. G. G. (Aberystwyth).—Thanks for corrections of the Welsh postcard. We are giving over our printer to be devoured by Wild George.

H. F. (Winchfield) must send his full name and address before we can think of beginning to libel his bootmakers.

W. G. Hawkey (East Ham) enters a vehement protest against our printing his name as Hawley. He says he would rather be related to Jim Crow than to "that brutal executioner" of 1746. Naturally, for Jim is a good Jacobite.

H. V. M. (King's Heath).—We are obliged for the cutting, and are dealing with the matter editorially.

W. C. (Oxford Street) has received one of those Spanish prisoner's swindling letters. He is asked to come out and "pay to the Registry the expenses of my judgment in order to take possession of a handbag containing a secret drawer in which are hidden the pieces indispensable to retire the sum." It is an old trick, and has been often exposed.

C. R. W. (Glamorgan).—We are not entirely masters of the situation in the matter of advertisements. We can only stipulate with the contractors that none shall go in which do not appear in the best journals. But if we leave them *all* out, how many extra copies will *you* take?

G. C. (London).—Yes, you can insure the life of His Majesty the King at Lloyd's, provided you can show that you have some direct interest in doing so. But the test is not a severe one.

"Londoner" writes us all the way from Heilbron, O.R.C., kindly words of appreciation and of criticism, for which we are grateful. He tells us that out there they are having "grand rains, good crops, and the veldt looking like the green bank, for the first time since the war."

H. J. T. (Romford) sends us an interesting letter regarding the Empire Mercantile Agency, of 158, Fenchurch Street, E.C.—a concern to which we have already referred. He says he answered an advertisement in the *Chronicle*, and saw the principal of the "Agency," who told him that he himself wanted a smart assistant, but H. J. T. must sign an agreement and deposit £15 as security—and he showed two or three agreements which had been made with others who had occupied the post—one depositing £50 and another £25. Wisely, H. J. T. thought the matter over, and wrote offering the security of a friend who had been established in business for forty years. No reply was received to this or subsequent letters. *Verb. sap.*

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

Record.

Newbury is the first race meeting that has ever paid a dividend in its initial season.

Mintagon and Polymelus.

In their own interests I must call my readers' attention to the photos of the above advertised on this page.

Catches the Eye.

The practice, as at Newbury, of putting the horses' names first on the card and owners afterwards is most advisable.

The "Birch" Fund.

My total now reaches £1,614, which, with £283 sent direct to the *Sportsman*, makes just on £1,900. I should like to reach the second thousand before closing the list. The patient continues much the same.

Reading a Race.

A view of the results of the happenings in running depend entirely upon which side of the course one is standing. From opposite sides everything frequently appears utterly different, especially on a particularly wide track when the horses are well spread out.

Essential Provision.

In the midst of the very numerous N.H. meetings I would call attention to the necessity of *insisting* upon *every* executive having a doctor and proper appliances on the spot. Many of these races are run miles from anywhere, and it is a positive fact that although there is usually a veterinary surgeon, there is no doctor, as very many of our steeplechase jockeys in turn can testify, having experienced hours of suffering pending attention. In comparison with France our arrangements in this sense are ludicrous, and as the jockeys rightly say, the N.H. Committee have recently cut down their fees—but not the fences. In the Colonies an ambulance on wheels follows in the wake of every race—here a burly policeman strolls down at his leisure.

Our Lightweights' Chance.

We hear and read daily of the progress that racing in its every branch is making in our Colonies, and the demands upon English bloodstock from all parts of the world continue. Naturally, the importation of bloodstock for racing needs the equal employment of jockeys, for horsemanship is much more at a discount on foreign racecourses than we—accustomed to consummate jockeyship—can imagine. In South Africa I hear that their jockeys—a very mixed group from every continent—are of a very poor order, and therefore to ride several of the horses which I recently shipped to a small sporting stable there, I have just arranged the retaining of a lightweight jockey, J. Bentley. The boy therefore sailed last Saturday for South Africa under engagement, and seeing what a high character John Dawson, the trainer, gives him, and how well the little chap rode during his couple of years' public experience here (chiefly in apprentices' plates and on Lord Ellesmere's horses), there is certain to be a big future before him. He is not likely to make weight, is a respectable little chap, and a horseman who could ride when he was five years of age—in fact, followed hounds at the age of seven.

Wanted, a Handicap Horse.

Especially as Bentley knew the horse, I should very much liked to have shipped Gallinago—the Windsor Handicap winner—by the same boat as the jockey travelled, but his owner and trainer were naturally reluctant to part with their consistent performer, even at what I think was a fair bid—£750. I am therefore open to buy a useful three or four-year-old miler at about this price, and should be glad of offers of something absolutely sound and with public form.

Aldershot.

Imbue the military with a fondness for the game and 'chasing will prosper, although few "service" men have the money or facilities of twenty years ago. Aldershot is quite "the" military race meeting—held upon Crown land, and governed by soldiers. A decade back, too, the hospitality dispensed at all military meetings was proverbial; now such practices are officially condemned. Aldershot meetings—of their own curious distinctive type—are a nice success, truly sportive, and a great social rendezvous. The course over the "Long Valley" is mainly natural, undulating and picturesque, for the runners go up hill and down dale, and at times disappear among the furze. The charge for stand, paddock and race hill enclosure is, sensibly, only 10s., with ladies—always numerously represented—half price, after the Australian idea, which should be in vogue everywhere. Since last spring great improvements have been made—a new refreshment room built, and the old thatched roof and dangerous horse stall brick-roofed. No profits are really sought for—no rent is paid, and any surplus over the stakes and expenses is utilised for the benefit of the town or the military—sporting advantages of the locality. Yet Colonel Toogood is now being worried with retrospective claims from the Inland Revenue—dating back to 1883. The "off" here is naturally signalled by a bugler; from the hills, in turn, the entire running can be viewed. Wednesday's meeting is not so important as the May two-day fixture—a rare sportive fashionable gathering.

I am never happier than when endeavouring to bring off some reform at race meetings, or minor advantages for the public good. This aim undoubtedly frequently gets me into trouble. Human nature really runs like this—a man can say what he likes unlimited as to eulogy and times, favourable to a meeting or to anyone almost without acknowledgment, but write one syllable derogatory and everyone immediately puts the cap on (according to the reading of the disparaging remarks), and tries to "have" one, either threatening libel actions, by abuse or bluff. As a fact, a sporting writer must make reports, not comments; must have no individuality or any opinion that does not convey honeyed words all round, and "whitewash" every possible defect. Of what use is a writer unless he mixes in the game concerned, and records his own experiences, which must naturally be the experience of others? No one can speak

TOPPING & SPINDLER,
Flushing, Holland.

The OLDEST ESTABLISHED & MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.

City and Suburban Handicap. Chester Cup. Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes. The Derby, &c.

Double and Treble Events, S.P., and Accumulatives at S.P.,

No Commission on Starting Price.

The Continental Sportsman, containing latest market movements on above, also Year Book and Ready Reckoner, sent free on receipt of Foreign Post Card containing name and address.

ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—

TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

Now Ready.

The most vivid racehorse portraits ever produced.

MINTAGON (C. Trigg Up.)

POLYMELUS (D. Maher Up.)

the respective popular winners of the

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

Each photo bears the jockey's autograph and is a reproduction in facsimile colours equal to hand-colouring.

A Signed Portrait of

"LARRY LYNX"

The writer of these notes is added

POST FREE, 6d.,

From the Publisher, "John Bull,"
4, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., E.C.

more truthfully "from the book" in this sense than the writer. I have met all sorts of occurrences—and all sorts of results—in consequence of my outspokenness. Still, nothing "bluffs" me, and as long as I am privileged to be permitted to express an opinion in these, or any other, columns I shall—whether making enemies or not—say, without prejudice or malice, what I saw and what I think. Race executives usually look well after the inner comforts of the Press, and the *quid pro quo* is apparently supposed to be that you must NEVER condemn anything. I have when occasion deserved it, spoken favourably of the happenings at a race meeting, and praised the various provisions made for the public. Yet the same executive, upon the first occasion of one's condemning anything, actually stop—or threaten to stop—one's Press pass unless the statements are withdrawn, or a promise made not to repeat them. A man may say without limit, or thanks, that a trainer trains his horses well, or that a jockey rides a real good race every time. But any critical remarks are instantly seized upon as malicious, or, if there can be a peg to hang the allegation, as libellous. The freedom of the Press must truly only be one-sided—the complimentary.

Kempton.

Fortunately, I have never had anything but the pleasantest experiences as regards the Kempton Park executive, among which I think I may term Mr. Walter Hyde, the popular secretary, a friend, as well as an acquaintance. It may therefore be that one is only human, and that I look upon things through rose-coloured spectacles. Such anyhow is not my intention or belief, but matters in the main are done so well there that no one can conscientiously offer anything but praise. Moreover, I have always found Mr. Hyde, and his associates, only too glad, not alone to have suggestions of improvement made to them, but to readily carry them out. It is unnecessary to go into detail now, but in no end of trivial ways improvements have been recently brought about at Kempton for the public good. In the course of time, no doubt, when it is possible to rebuild the present Tattersall's stand, we shall see even a much enlarged structure with the very necessary roof, similar to the ten shilling ring there now.

"Outside" Telegraph Facilities.

In their policy both as to the programmes, for owners, and their efforts and conveniences for the public, Kempton are—as is only common sense nowadays—always going ahead. The cry is from the general "outside" public that they are never considered in the sense of having telegraphic facilities on a racecourse, as I was the ready medium to convey to Mr. Hyde at last week's holiday meeting. Why should the many thousands who pay to go on to a course but do not desire to go into the rings be debarred from being able to send a telegram, and, further, if they wish to bet at all, to be driven to bet with outside bookmakers—half of whom I will not say are "welshers," but are very liable not to meet their engagements—dependent, of course, upon what wins? For the future, I am pleased to be able to convey to the public the fact that Mr. Hyde promises a telegraph office accessible to everybody on the open course. The "little" public, as the patrons of Kempton, must never forget that the executive here were the first to supply such needs, which will surely be similarly heeded by other executives.

Prophetic.

For a wonder I am able to deal reasonably fairly with Newbury's excellent card of this week-end. To-day (Thursday) it is jumping, when it needs no wiseacre to see that, being penalised but once, and still eligible to compete, as an anomaly, in Maiden Plates, that CARNEGIE and DOMINO must win the substantial hurdle steeplechase events respectively. On Friday the Newbury Cup has certainly taken the sails out of the City and Suburban. Last year's first and second, Succory and Roseate Dawn, are again probable starters, but on what I saw at Lincoln I have every justification in saying that, if he runs,

TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD

is worth a trifling investment each way, for he will be a very long price. Should the little horse be absent, I like nothing better than ATHI, who finished alongside of him at Lincoln, and will assuredly be fitter now. Previously on Friday the same Lincoln form should be upheld by CRESCENT'S winning the Marlborough Handicap, and thus long in advance I can only tick off LOVE SONG and THE RIALTO in the Chieveley Handicap.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

JAMES WEBSTER,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

GREAT METROPOLITAN, CITY AND SUBURBAN, DERBY, Etc.
THE TURF CHRONICLE, sent free on receipt of address. Double and Treble Events.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments.
Bankers:—England—London and Westminster Bank, London. Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. Ireland—Bank of Ireland, Dublin.
Postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

ESTABLISHED IN 1848.

ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK AND CO.
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Our Pocket Book for 1907 is now ready, and will be forwarded free on receipt of address.

CHARLES LEVY,
28, REGENT ST., S.W.
Telegraphic Address: "FOREJUDGE, LONDON."
Telephones:
3615 GERRARD, 4190 CENTRAL.

Telegraphic Address: "IRISHMAN, LONDON."
Telephone: No. 5072 GERRARD.
E. C. IRISH,
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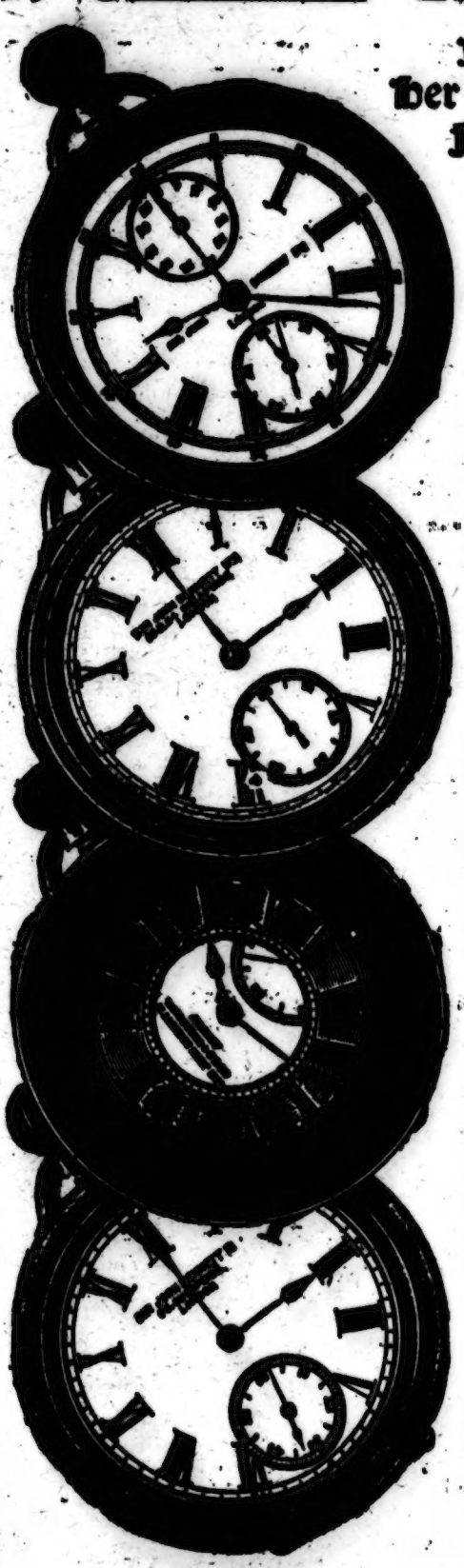

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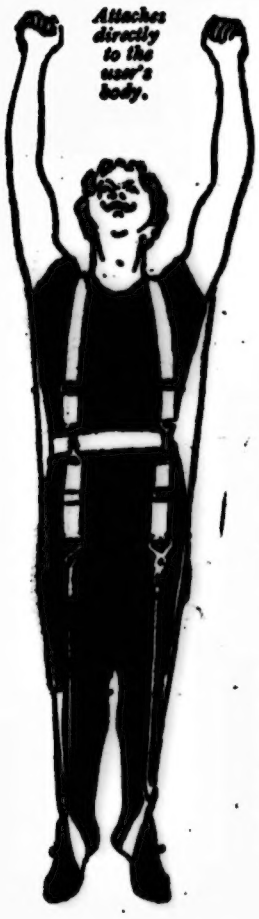

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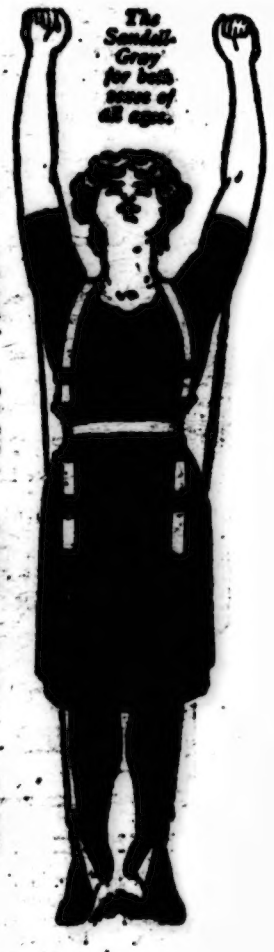

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